STEVENSON'S

POENS

STEVENSON



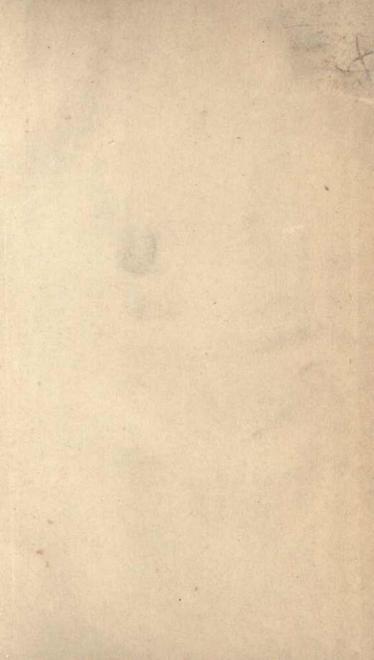
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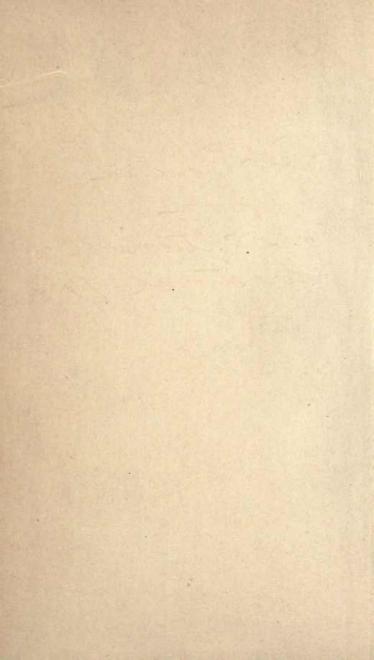


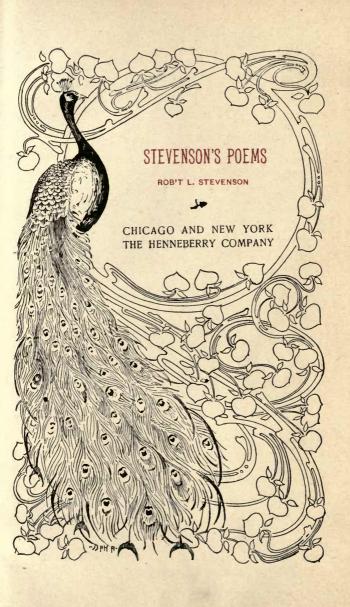
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IN MEMORY OF EDWIN CORLE

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# DEDICATION.

THERE are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not infrequently; the artist rarely; rarelier still, the clergyman; the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower (such as it is) of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practice an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion; tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heraclean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sickroom, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing.

Gratitude is but a lame sentiment; thanks, when they are expressed, are often more embarrassing than welcome; and yet I must set forth mine to a few out of many doctors who have

brought me comfort and help; to Dr. Willey of San Francisco, whose kindness to a stranger it must be as grateful to him, as it is touching to me, to remember; to Dr. Karl Ruedi of Davos, the good genius of the English in his frosty mountains; to Dr. Herbert of Paris, whom I knew only for a week; and to Dr. Caissot of Montpellier, whom I knew only for ten days, and who have yet written their names deeply in my memory; to Dr. Brandt of Royat; to Dr. Wakefield of Nice; to Dr. Chepmell, whose visits make it a pleasure to be ill; to Dr. Horace Dobell, so wise in counsel; to Sir Andrew Clark, so unwearied in kindness; and to that wise youth, my uncle, Dr. Balfour.

I forget as many as I remember; and I ask both to pardon me, these for silence, those for inadequate speech. But one name I have kept on purpose to the last, because it is a household word with me, and because if I had not received favours from so many hands and in so many quarters of the world it should have stood upon this page alone: that of my friend Thomas Bodley Scott of Bournemouth. Will he accept this, although shared among so many, for a dedication to himself? And when next my ill-fortune (which has thus its pleasant side) brings him

hurrying to me when he would fain sit down to meat or lie down to rest, will he care to remember that he takes this trouble for one who is not fool enough to be ungrateful? R. L. S.

SKERRYVORE,

BOURNEMOUTH.

# NOTE.

THE human conscience has fled of late the troublesome domain of conduct for what I should have supposed to be the less congenial field of art: there she may now be said to rage, and with special severity in all that touches dialect; so that in every novel the letters of the alphabet are tortured, and the reader wearied, to commemorate shades of mispronunciation. Now, spelling is an art of great difficulty in my eyes, and I am inclined to lean upon the printer, even in common practice, rather than to venture abroad upon new quests. And the Scots tongue has an orthography of its own, lacking neither "authority nor author." Yet the temptation is great to lend a little guidance to the bewildered Englishman. Some simple phonetic artifice might defend your verses from barbarous mishandling, and yet not injure any vested interest. So it seems at first; but there are rocks ahead. Thus, if I wish the diphthong ou to have its proper value, I may write oor instead of our; many have done so and lived, and the pillars of the universe remained unshaken. But if I did

so, and came presently to doun, which is the classical Scots spelling of the English dozun, I should begin to feel uneasy; and if I went on a little further and came to a classical Scots word, like stour or dour or clour, I should know precisely where I was-that is to say, that I was out of sight of land on those high seas of spelling reform in which so many strong swimmers have toiled vainly. To some the situation is exhilarating; as for me, I give one bubbling cry and sink. The compromise at which I have arrived is indefensible, and I have no thought of trying to defend it. As I have stuck for the most part to the proper spelling, I append a table of some common vowel sounds which no one need consult; and just to prove that I belong to my age and have in me the stuff of a reformer. I have used modification marks throughout. Thus I can tell myself, not without pride, that I have added a fresh stumbling-block for English readers, and to a page of print in my native tongue have lent a new uncouthness. Sed non nobis.

I note again that among our new dialecticians the local habitat of every dialect is given to the square mile. I could not emulate this nicety if I desired; for I simply wrote my Scots as well as I was able, not caring if it hailed from Laud-

erdale or Angus, from the Mearns or Galloway; if I had ever heard a good word, I used it without shame; and when Scots was lacking, or the rhyme jibbed, I was glad (like my betters) to fall back on English. For all that, I own to a friendly feeling for the tongue of Fergusson and of Sir Walter, both Edinburgh men; and I confess that Burns has always sounded in my ear like something partly foreign. And indeed I am from the Lothians myself; it is there I heard the language spoken about my childhood; and it is in the drawling Lothian voice that I repeat it to myself. Let the precisians call my speech that of the Lothians. And if it be not pure, alas! what matters it? The day draws near when this illustrious and malleable tongue shall be quite forgotten; and Burns's Ayrshire, and Dr. Macdonald's Aberdeen-awa', and Scott's brave, metropolitan utterance will be all equally the ghosts of speech. Till then I would love to have my hour as a native Maker, and be read by my own countryfolk in our own dying language: an ambition surely rather of the heart than of the head, so restricted as it is in prospect of endurance, so parochial in bounds of space.



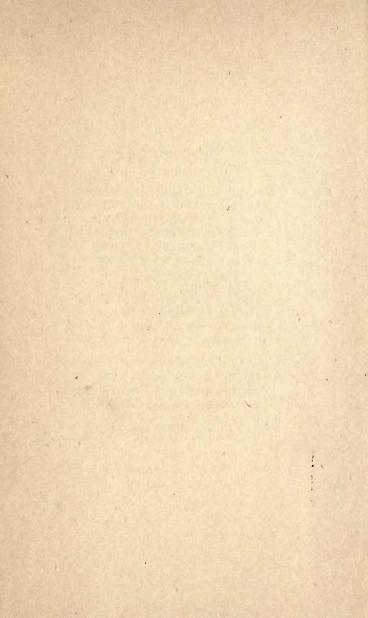
## Alison Cunningbam.

FROM HER BOY.

For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:
My second Mother, my first Wife.
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read May find as dear a nurse at need, . And every child who lists my rhyme, . In the bright, fireside, nursery clime, May near it in as kind a voice As made my childish days rejoice!

R. L. S.

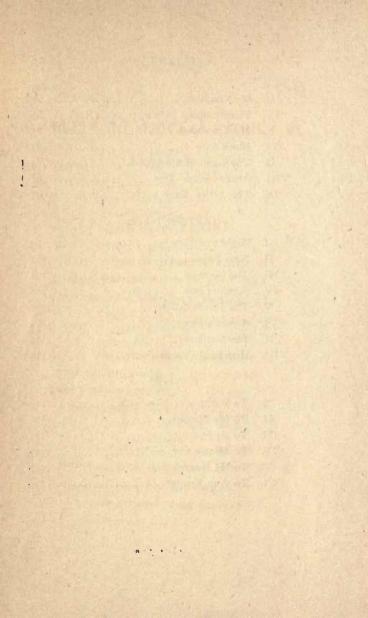


# CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAC	E.
	To Alison Cunningham		3
I.	Bed in Summer		9
II.	A Thought		10
III.	At the Sea-side		11
IV.	Young Night Thought		12
v.	Whole Duty of Children		14
VI.	Rain		15
VII.	Pirate Story		16
VIII.	Foreign Lands		18
IX.	Windy Nights		20
X.	Travel		21
XI.	Singing		24
XII.	Looking Forward		25
XIII.	A Good Play		26
XIV.	Where Go the Boats?		27
XV.	Auntie's Skirts		29
XVI.	The Land of Counterpane		30
XVII.	The Land of Nod		32
XVIII.	My Shadow		34
XIX.	System		36
XX.	A Good Boy		37

CHAPTER.	PAC	F.
XXI.	Escape at Bedtime	39
XXII.	Marching Song	41
XXIII.	The Cow	43
XXIV.	Happy Thought	44
XXV.	The Wind	45
XXVI.	Keepsake Mill.,	47
XXVII.	Good and Bad Children	49
XXVIII.	Foreign Children	51
XXIX.	The Sun's Travels	53
XXX.	The Lamplighter	54
XXXI.	My Bed Is a Boat	56
XXXII.	The Moon	58
XXXIII.	The Swing	59
XXXIV.	Time to Rise	60
XXXV.	Looking-glass River	61
XXXVI.	Fairy Bread	63
XXXVII.	From a Railway Carriage	64
XXXVIII.	Winter-time	66
XXXIX.	The Hayloft	68
XL.	Farewell to the Farm	70
XLI.	Northwest Passage	72
	I. Good-night.	
	2. Shadow March.	
	3. In Port.	
	THE CHILD ALONE.	
1.	The Unseen Playmate	77
II.	My Ship and I	79

CHAPTER.	PAGE.			
III.	My Kingdom 81			
IV.	Picture-books in Winter 83			
v.	My Treasures 85			
VI.	Block City 87			
VII.	The Land of Story-books 89			
VIII.	Armies in the Fire			
IX.	The Little Land			
GARDEN DAYS.				
I.	Night and Day 99			
· II.	Nest Eggs102			
III.	The Flowers104			
IV.	Summer Sun			
v.	The Dumb Soldier108			
VI.	Autumn Fires			
VII.	The Gardener112			
VIII.	Historical Associations114			
	ENVOYS.			
I.	To Willie and Henrietta			
II.	To My Mother121			
III.	To Auntie122			
IV.	To Minnie123			
v.	To My Name-child127			
VI.	To Any Reader			



# A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

Ī.

#### BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night And dress by yellow candle-light. In summer, quite the other way, I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you, When all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so much to play, To have to go to bed by day? Mary To Marks) wants) t

THE PERSON

#### A THOUGHT.

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

# III.

# AT THE SEA-SIDE.

When I was down beside the sea A wooden spade they gave to me To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup. In every hole the sea came up, Till it could come no more.

# IV.

# YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT.

All night long and every night, When my mama puts out the light, I see the people marching by, As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen At the great circus on the green; For every kind of beast and man Is marching in that caravan. At first they move a little slow, But still the faster on they go, And still beside them close I keep Until we reach the town of Sleep. V.

# WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN.

A child should always say what's true And speak when he is spoken to, And behave mannerly at table; At least as far as he is able. VI.

# RAIN.

The rain is raining all around, It falls on field and tree, It rains on the umbrellas here, And on the ships at sea.

#### VII.

#### PIRATE STORY.

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the
spring,

And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,

Wary of the weather and steering by a star? Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,

To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea-

Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!

Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,

The wicket is the harbor, and the garden is the shore.

# VIII.

1.

# FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie, Adorned with flowers, before my eye, And many pleasant places more That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree Farther and farther I should see, To where the grown-up river slips Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand Lead onward into fairy-land, Where all the children dine at five, And all the playthings come alive.

# IX.

## WINDY NIGHTS.

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

# X.

# TRAVEL.

I should like to rise and go Where the golden apples grow;-Where below another sky Parrot islands anchored lie, And, watched by cockatoos and goats, Lonely Crusoes building boats:-Where in sunshine reaching out Eastern cities, miles about, Are with mosque and minaret Among sandy gardens set, And the rich goods from near and far Hang for sale in the bazaar;-Where the Great Wall round China goes, And on one side the desert blows. And with bell and voice and drum, Cities on the other hum ;-Where are forests, hot as fire, Wide as England, tall as a spire,

Full of apes and cocoa-nuts And the negro hunters' huts:-Where the knotty crocodile Lies and blinks in the Nile, And the red flamingo flies Hunting fish before his eyes;-Where in jungles, near and far, Man-devouring tigers are, Lying close and giving ear Lest the hunt be drawing near, Or a comer-by be seen Swinging in a palanquin:-Where among the desert sands Some deserted city stands, All its children, sweep and prince, Grown to manhood ages since, Not a foot in street or house. Not a stir of child or mouse, And when kindly falls the night, In all the town no spark of light. There I'll come when I'm a man With a camel caravan; Light a fire in the gloom Of some dusty ining-room;

See the pictures on the walls, Heroes, fights and festivals; And in a corner find the toys Of the old Egyptian boys.

# XI.

#### SINGING.

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

### XII.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

When I am grown to man's estate I shall be very proud and great, And tell the other girls and boys Not to meddle with my toys.

### XIII.

#### A GOOD PLAY.

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails, And water in the nursery pails; And Tom said, "Let us also take An apple and a slice of cake;"— Which was enough for Tom and me To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days, And had the very best of plays; But Tom fell out and hurt his knee, So there was no one left but me.

## XIV.

## WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

#### XV.

## AUNTIE'S SKIRTS.

Whenever Auntie moves around, Her dresses make a curious sound. They trail behind her up the floor, And trundle after through the door.

#### XVI.

### THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay a-bed, I had two pillows at my head, And all my toys beside me lay To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so,

I watched my leaden soldiers go,

With different uniforms and drills,

Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets All up and down among the sheets; Or brought my trees and houses out, And planted cities all about. I was the giant great and still That sits upon the pillow-hill, And sees before him, dale and plain, The pleasant land of counterpane.

## XVII.

## THE LAND OF NOD.

From breakfast on through all the day At home among my friends I stay, But every night I go abroad Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me, Both things to eat and things to see, And many frightening sights abroad Till morning in the land of Nod. Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

## XVIII.

#### MY SHADOW.

- I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
- And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
- He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
- And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
- The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
- Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
- For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an indiarubber ball,
- And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all



"Minnie." Child's Garden of Verses.



- He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
- And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
- He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
- I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!
- One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
- I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
- But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
- Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

" " done now.

#### XIX.

## SYSTEM.

Every night my prayers I say, And get my dinner every day; And every day that I've been good, I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat. With lots of toys and things to eat, He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

#### XX.

### A GOOD BOY.

- I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
- I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.
- And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
- And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.
- My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
- And I must off to sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,

No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,

And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

#### XXI.

#### ESCAPE AT BEDTIME.

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out

Through the blinds and the windows and bars;

And high overhead and all moving about,

There were thousands of millions of stars.

There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,

Nor of people in church or the Park,

As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,

And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,

And the star of the sailor, and Mars,

These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall

Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,

And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my
eyes,

And the stars going round in my head.

#### XXII.

#### MARCHING SONG.

Bring the comb and play upon it!

Marching, here we come!

Willie cocks his Highland bonnet,

Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

### 42 A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!

Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

#### XXIII.

### THE COW.

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

#### 44

# XXIV.

## HAPPY THOUGHT.

The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

#### XXV.

### THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold, O blower, are you young or old?

### A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

46

Are you a beast of field and tree, Or just a stronger child than me? O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

#### XXVI.

### KEEPSAKE MILL.

Over the borders, a sin without pardon,
Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the
garden,

Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running
under—

Marvelous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Dear are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming forever
Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,

Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home; Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion, Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarreled,

I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honored and old and all gaily appareled,
Here we shall meet and remember the past.

#### XXVII.

## GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet, And content with simple diet; And remain, through all bewild'ring, Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces, Happy play in grassy places— That was how, in ancient ages, Children grew to kings and sages.

4 Verses

But the unkind and the unruly, And the sort who eat unduly, They must never hope for glory— Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies, All grow up as geese and gabies, Hated, as their age increases, By their nephews and their nieces.

### XXVIII.

### FOREIGN CHILDREN.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat, I am fed on proper meat; You must dwell beyond the foam, But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

### XXIX.

#### THE SUN'S TRAVELS.

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day, We round the sunny garden play, Each little Indian sleepy-head Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea, Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea; And all the children in the West Are getting up and being dressed.

## XXX.

#### THE LAMPLIGHTER.

- My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
- It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
- For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
- With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.
- Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
- And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
- But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
- O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

- For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
- And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
- And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light;
- O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

#### XXXI.

### MY BED IS A BOAT.

My bed is like a little boat;

Nurse helps me in when I embark;

She girds me in my sailor's coat

And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer,
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

#### XXXII.

#### THE MOON.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall; She shines on thieves on the garden wall, On streets and fields and harbor quays, And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse, The howling dog by the door of the house, The bat that lies in bed at noon, All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day. Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

## XXXIII.

# THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green.

Down on the roof so brown—

Up in the air I go flying again,

Up in the air and down!

# XXXIV.

# TIME TO RISE.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

# XXXV.

# LOOKING-GLASS RIVER.

Smooth it slides upon its travel,

Here a wimple, there a gleam—

O the clean gravel!

O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air—
How a child wishes
To live down there!

We can see our colored faces
Floating on the shaken pool
Down in cool places,
Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,

Dipping marten, plumping trout,

Spreads in a twinkle

And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other;
All below grows black as night,
Just as if mother
Had blown out the light!

Patience, children, just a minute—
See the spreading circles die;
The stream and all in it
Will clear by-and-by.

# XXXVI.

## FAIRY BREAD.

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

# XXXVII.

# FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Faster than fairies, faster than witches, Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches; And charging along like troops in a battle, All through the meadows the horses and cattle:

All of the sights of the hill and the plain Fly as thick as driving rain; And ever again, in the wink of an eye, Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the
daisies!

Here is a cart run away in the road

Lumping along with man and load; And here is a mill and there is a river: Each a glimpse and gone forever!

# XXXVIII.

# WINTER-TIME.

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed, A frosty, fiery sleepy-head; Blinks but an hour or two; and then, A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies, At morning in the dark I rise; And shivering in my nakedness, By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.



"Willie and Henrietta." Child's Garden of Verses.



When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod; Thick blows my frosty breath abroad; And tree and house, and hill and lake, Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

# XXXIX.

## THE HAYLOFT.

Through all the pleasant meadow-side

The grass grew shoulder-high,

Till the shining scythes went far and wide

And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops

They led in wagons home;

And they piled them here in mountain tops

For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than 1!

O what a joy to clamber there
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

# XL.

# FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last; The eager children, mounting fast And kissing hands, in chorus sing; Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn, The meadow-gates we swang upon, To pump and stable, tree and swing, Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go; The trees and houses smaller grow; Last, round the woody turn we swing; Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

## XLI.

## NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

#### I. GOOD-NIGHT.

When the bright lamp is carried in, The sunless hours again begin; O'er all without, in field and lane, The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee About the firelit hearth; and see Our pictures painted as we pass, Like pictures on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed? Well then, Let us arise and go like men, And face with an undaunted tread The long, black passage up to bed. Farewell, O brother, sister, sire!
O pleasant party round the fire!
The songs you sing, the tales you tell,
Till far to-morrow, fare ye well!

#### II. SHADOW MARCH.

All round the house is the jet-black night;
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,

With the breath of Bogie in my hair,

And all round the candle the crooked shadows come.

And go marching along up the stair,

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,

The shadow of the child that goes to bed—All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp,

With the black night overhead.

III. IN PORT.

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about To keep the coming shadows out, And close the happy door at last On all the perils that we past.

Then, when mamma goes by to bed, She shall come in with tip-toe tread, And see me lying warm and fast And in the Land of Nod at last.

# THE CHILD ALONE.



I.

## THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE.

When children are playing alone on the green, In comes the playmate that never was seen.

When children are happy and lonely and good, The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass, He sings when you tinkle the musical glass; Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why, The Friend of the Children is sure to be by! He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can
win.

'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed, Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;

For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,

'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!

## II.

# MY SHIP AND I.

O it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,

Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;

And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;

But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out

How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,

And the dolly I intend to come alive;

And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,

It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow

And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,

And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;

For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore,

To land upon the island where no dolly was before,

And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

## III.

## MY KINGDOM.

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
For I am very small.
made a boat, I made a town,
searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said, The little sparrows overhead, The little minnows too.

6 Verses

This was the world and I was king; For me the bees came by to sing, For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms!

## IV.

# PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER.

Summer fading, winter comes— Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs, Window robins, winter rooks, And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone Nurse and I can walk upon; Still we find the flowing brooks In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are, Seas and cities, near and far, And the flying fairies' looks, In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise, Happy chimney-corner days, Sitting safe in nursery nooks, Reading picture story-books?

## V.

## MY TREASURES.

These nuts, that I keep in the back of the nest Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest, Were gathered in autumn by nursic and me In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle we made (and how clearly it sounds!)

By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.

Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my

own,

It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone!

The stone, with the white and the yellow and gray,

We discovered I cannot tell how far away; And I carried it back although weary and cold, For though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold. But of all my treasures the last is the king,

For there's very few children possess such a

thing;

And that is a chisel, both handle and blade, Which a man who was really a carpenter made. VI.

## BLOCK CITY.

What are you able to build with your blocks? Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may
ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the
men,

And as long as I live and where'er I may be, I'll always remember my town by the sea.

### VII.

## THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit, Around the fire my parents sit; They sit at home and talk and sing, And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl All in the dark along the wall, And follow round the forest track Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy, All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods, 'These are my starry solitudes;

90

And there the river by whose brink The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me, Home I return across the sea, And go to bed with backward looks At my dear land of Story-books.

## VIII.

# ARMIES IN THE FIRE.

The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room;
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

Armies march by tower and spire Of cities blazing, in the fire;—
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the luster dies.

Then once again the glow returns; Again the phantom city burns; And down the red-hot valley, lo! The phantom armies marching go!

Blinking embers, tell me true
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces!

#### IX.

#### THE LITTLE LAND.

When at home alone I sit. And am very tired of it. I have just to shut my eyes To go sailing through the skies-To go sailing far away To the pleasant Land of Play: To the fairy-land afar Where the Little People are; Where the clover-tops are trees, And the rain pools are the seas, And the leaves like little ships Sail about on tiny trips; And above the daisy tree Through the grasses, High o'erhead the Bumble Bee Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass
And on high

And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by

Heeding no such things as I.

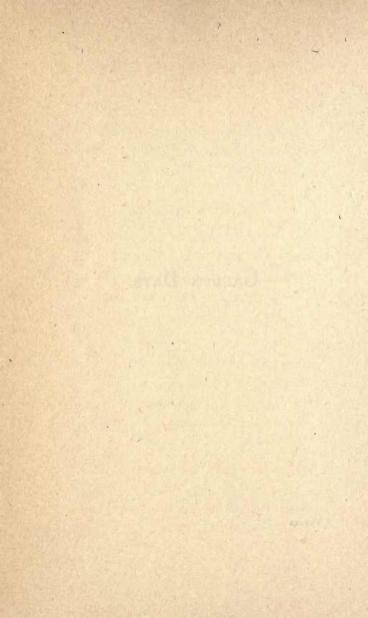
Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,

Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green—
(These have sure to battle been!)
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—

O dear me, That I could be A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

# GARDEN DAYS.



I.

## NIGHT AND DAY.

When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall
As the rays diminish,
Under evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut, Child in bed, they slumber— Glow-worm in the highway rut, Mice among the lumber. In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles;
Till on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things,
Houses, trees and hedges,
Clearer grow; and sparrow's wings
Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid;
She the door shall open—
Finding dew on garden glade
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again Green and rosy painted, As at eve behind the pane From my eyes it fainted. Just as it was shut away,
Toy-like in the even,
Here I see it glow with day
Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot, Every bush of roses, Every blue forget-me-not Where the dew reposes.

"Up!" they cry, "the day is come
On the smiling valleys:
We have beat the morning drum;
Playmate, join your allies!"

II.

### NEST EGGS.

Birds all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork

The brown nest is seated;

Four little blue eggs

The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall Chip, and upspringing Make all the April woods Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

#### III.

#### THE FLOWERS.

All the names I know from nurse: Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse, Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock, And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames —
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs Shady fairies weave a house; Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme, Where the braver fairies climb! Fair are grown-up people's trees, But the fairest woods are these; Where if I were not so tall, I should live for good and all.

#### IV.

#### SUMMER SUN.

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad

He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;

And through the broken edge of tiles,

Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around He bares to all the garden ground, And sheds a warm and glittering look Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue, Round the bright air with footing true, To please the child, to paint the rose, The gardener of the World, he goes.

V.

#### THE DUMB SOLDIER.

When the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace; Grasses hide my hiding place; Grasses run like a green sea O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies, Looking up with leaden eyes, Scarlet coat and pointed gun, To the stars and to the sun. When the grass is ripe like grain, When the scythe is stoned again, When the lawn is shaven clear, Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear, I shall find my grenadier; But for all that's gone and come, I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing, In the grassy woods of spring; Done, if he could tell me true, Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours And the springing of the flowers; And the fairy things that pass In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard Talking bee and ladybird, And the butterfly has flown O'er him as he lay alone.

#### 110 A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

Not a word will he disclose, Not a word of all he knows. I must lay him on the shelf, And make up the tale myself.

#### VI.

#### AUTUMN FIRES.

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!

Something bright in all!

Flowers in the summer,

Fires in the fall!

#### VII.

#### THE GARDENER.

The gardener does not love to talk, He makes me keep the gravel walk; And when he puts his tools away, He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue, Nor wishes to be spoken to. He digs the flowers and cuts the hay, And never seems to want to play. Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

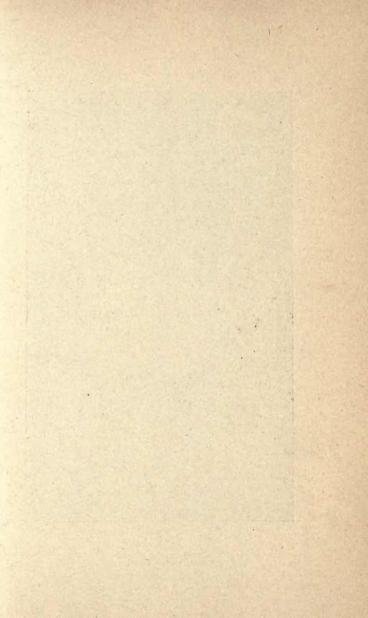
#### VIII.

## HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Dear Uncle Jim, this garden ground That now you smoke your pipe around, Has seen immortal actions done And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread, While I for safety march ahead, For this is that enchanted ground Where all who loiter slumber sound.

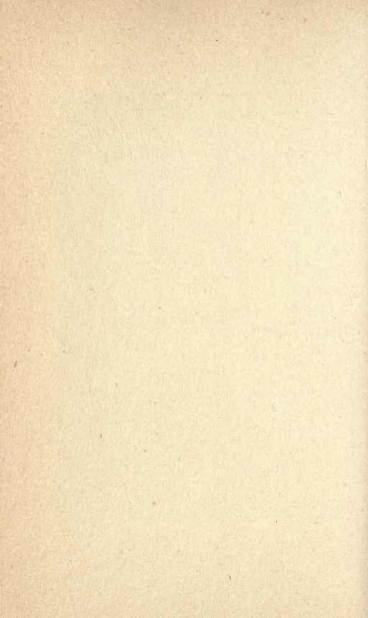
Here is the sea, here is the sand, Here is simple Shepherd's Land, Here are the fairy hollyhocks, And there are Ali Baba's rocks.



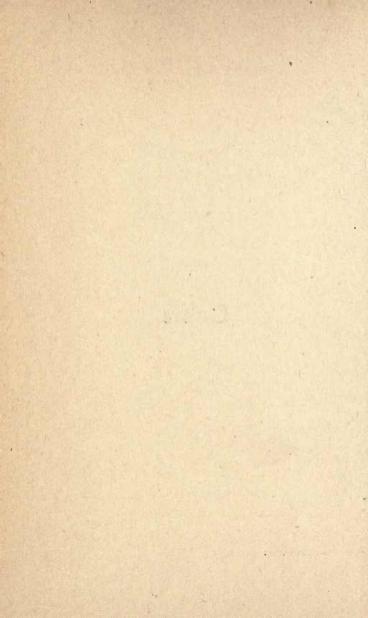


"The Swing."
Child's Garden of Verses.

But yonder, see! apart and high, Frozen Siberia lies; where I, With Robert Bruce and William Tell, Was bound by an enchanter's spell.



Envoys.



I.

## TO WILLIE AND HENRIETTA.

If two may read aright
These rhymes of old delight
And house and garden play,
You two, my cousins, and you only, may.

You in a garden green

With me were king and queen,

Were hunter, soldier, tar,

And all the thousand things that children are.

Now in the elders' seat

We rest with quiet feet,'

And from the window-bay

We watch the children, our successors, play.

## 120 A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VEP.SES.

"Time was," the golden head
Irrevocably said:
But time which none can bind,
While flowing fast away, leaves love behind.

II.

## TO MY MOTHER.

You too, my mother, read my rhymes
For love of unforgotten times,
And you may chance to hear once more
The little feet along the floor.

#### III.

## TO AUNTIE.

Chief of our aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
What did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?

#### IV.

# TO MINNIE.

The red room with the giant bed Where none but elders laid their head: The little room where you and I Did for awhile together lie And, simple suitor, I your hand In decent marriage did demand. The great day nursery, best of all, With pictures pasted on the wall And leaves upon the blind-A pleasant room wherein to wake And hear the leafy garden shake And rustle in the wind-And pleasant there to lie in bed And see the pictures overhead-The wars about Sebastopol, The grinning guns along the wall, The daring escalade.

124

The plunging ships, the bleating sheep, The happy children ankle-deep And laughing as they wade: All these are vanished clean away, And the old manse is changed to-day; It wears an altered face And shields a stranger race. The river, on from mill to mill, Flows past our childhood's garden still: But ah! we children never more Shall watch it from the water-door! Below the vew-it still is there-Our phantom voices haunt the air As we were still at play, And I can hear them call and say: "How far is it to Babylon?"

Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here—
Yet you have farther gone!
"Can I get there by candle-light?"
So goes the old refrain.
I do not know—perchance you might—
But only, children, hear it right,

Ah, never to return again!
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

To you in distant India, these I send across the seas, Nor count it far across. For which of us forgets The Indian cabinets. The bones of antelope, the wings of albatross, The pied and painted birds and beans, The junks and bangles, beads and screens, The gods and sacred bells, And the loud-humming, twisted shells! The level of the parlor floor Was honest, homely, Scottish shore; But when we climbed upon a chair, Behold the gorgeous East was there! Be this a fable; and behold Me in the parlor as of old, And Minnie just above me set In the quaint Indian cabinet!

#### A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

126

Smiling and kind, you grace a shelf
Too high for me to reach myself.
Reach down a hand, my dear, and take
These rhymes for old acquaintance' sake.

#### V.

### TO MY NAME-CHILD.

I.

Some day soon this rhyming volume, if you learn with proper speed,

Little Louis Sanchez, will be given you to read.

Then shall you discover that your name was printed down

By the English printers, long before, in London town.

In the great and busy city where the East and West are met,

All the little letters did the English printer set;
While you thought of nothing, and were still
too young to play,

Foreign people thought of you in places far away.

- Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the English lands
- Other little children took the volume in their hands;
- Other children questioned, in their homes across the seas:
- Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother, please?

II.

- Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down and go and play,
- Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of Monterey,
- Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried by the breeze,
- Tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.
- And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls to you,
- Long ere you could read it, how I told you what to do;

And that while you thought of no one, nearly half the world away

Some one thought of Louis on the beach of Monterey!

### VI.

### TO ANY READER.

As from the house your mother sees You playing round the garden trees, So you may see, if you will look Through the windows of this book Another child, far, far away, And in another garden, play. But do not think you can at all. By knocking on the window, call That child to hear you. He intent Is all on his play-business bent. He does not hear; he will not look, Nor yet be lured out of this book. For, long ago, the truth to say, He has grown up and gone away, And it is but a child of air That lingers in the garden there.

100,14 6

# UNDERWOODS.



# BOOK I.—IN ENGLISH.

I.

# ENVOY.

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!

### II.

# A SONG OF THE ROAD.

THE gauger walked with willing foot, And aye the gauger played the flute; And what should Master Gauger play But Over the hills and far away?

Whene'er I buckle on my pack'
And foot it gayly in the track,
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—.
The self-same air for me you play;
For I do think and so do you
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face To go to this or t'other place? There's nothing under heav'n so blue That's fairly worth the traveling to.

On every hand the roads begin, And people walk with zeal therein; But wheresoe'er the highways tend, Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!
Forest of Montargis, 1878.

### III.

# THE CANOE SPEAKS.

On the great streams the ships may go About men's business to and fro. But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep On crystal waters ankle-deep: I, whose diminutive design, Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine, Is fashioned on so frail a mould, A hand may launch, a hand withhold: 1. rather, with the leaping trout Wind, among lilies, in and out; I, the unnamed, inviolate, Green, rustic rivers navigate; My dipping paddle scarcely shakes The berry in the bramble-brakes; Still forth on my green way I wend Beside the cottage garden-end; And by the nested angler fare, And take the lovers unaware.

By willow wood and water-wheel Speedily fleets my touching keel; By all retired and shady spots Where prosper dim forget-me-nots: By meadows where at afternoon The growing maidens troop in June To loose their girdles on the grass. Ah! speedier than before the glass The backward toilet goes; and swift As swallows quiver, robe, and shift And the rough country stockings lie Around each young divinity. When, following the recondite brook, Sudden upon this scene I look, And light with unfamiliar face On chaste Diana's bathing place, Loud ring the hills about and all The shallows are abandoned.

### IV.

# IT IS THE SEASON NOW TO GO.

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid, Wholly fain and half afraid, Now meet along the hazel'd brook To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarreled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face, She strove against him in the race; He, unabashed, her garter saw, That now would touch her skirt with awe. Now by the stile ablaze she stops, And his demurer eyes he drops; Now they exchange averted sighs Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is, And sweeter she than primroses; Their common silence dearer far Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands, Joy trembles in their bosom-strands, And lovely laughter leaps and falls Upon their lips in madrigals.

### V.

# THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor, A shivering pool before the door, A garden bare of flowers and fruit, And poplars at the garden foot: Such is the place that I live in, Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour; here

The army of the stars appear. The neighbour hollows dry or wet, Spring shall with tender flowers beset; And oft the morning muser see Larks rising from the broomy lea, And every fairy wheel and thread Of cobweb dew-bediamoned. When daisies go, shall winter time Silver and simple grass with rime; Autumnal frosts enchant the pool And make the cart-ruts beautiful: And when snow-bright the moor expands How shall your children clap their hands To make this earth our hermitage, A cheerful and a changeful page, God's bright and intricate device Of days and seasons doth suffice.

#### VI.

# A VISIT FROM THE SEA.

Far from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are fish to dive for,

Here is the corn and lea;

Here are the green trees rustling.

Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water

And quiet among the rushes;

This is no home for the sea-gull

But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!

Hurry him home to the ocean, Let him come here no more.

High on the sea-cliff ledges

The white gulls are trooping and crying,

Here among rooks and roses,

Why is the sea-gull flying?

### VII.

# TO A GARDENER.

FRIEND, in my mountain-side demesne. My plain-beholding, rosy, green And linnet-haunted garden-ground, Let still the esculents abound. Let first the onion flourish there. Rose among roots, the maiden-fair, Wine-scented and poetic soul Of the capacious salad bowl. Let thyme the mountaineer (to dress The tinier birds) and wading cress, The lover of the shallow brook. From all my plots and borders look. Nor crisp and ruddy radish, nor Peace-cods for the child's pinafore Be lacking; nor of salad clan The last and least that ever ran About great nature's garden-beds. Nor thence be missed the speary heads

Of artichoke; nor thence the bean That, gathered innocent and green, Outsavours the belauded pea.

These tend, I prithee; and for me,
Thy most long-suffering master, bring
In April, when the linnets sing
And the days lengthen more and more
At sundown to the garden door.
And I, being provided thus,
Shall, with superb asparagus,
A book, a taper, and a cup
Of country wine, divinely sup.

La Solitude, Hyeres.

# VIII.

# TO MINNIE.

(With a Hand-Glass)

A paltry setting for your face,
A thing that has no worth until
You lend it something of your grace,

I send (unhappy I that sing
Laid by a while upon the shelf)
Because I would not send a thing
Less charming than you are yourself.

And happier than I, alas!

(Dumb thing, I envy its delight),

'Twill wish you well, the looking-glass,
And look you in the face tonight.

1869.

### IX.

### TO K. DE M.

A LOVER of the moorland bare
And honest country winds, you were;
The silver-skimming rain you took;
And loved the floodings of the brook,
Dew, frost, and mountains, fire and seas,
Tumultuary silences,
Winds that in darkness fifed a tune,
And the high-riding, virgin moon.

And as the berry, pale and sharp,
Springs on some ditch's counterscarp
In our ungenial, native north—
You put your frosted wildings forth,
And on the heath, afar from man,
A strong and bitter virgin ran.

The berry ripened keeps the rude And racy flavour of the wood; And you, that loved the empty plain
All redolent of wind and rain,
Around you still the curlew sings—
The freshness of the weather clings—
The maiden jewels of the rain
Sit in your dabbled locks again.

### X.

# TO N. V. DE G. S.

THE unfathomable sea, and time, and tears, The deeds of heroes and the crimes of kings Dispart us; and the river of events Has, for an age of years, to east and west More widely borne our cradles. Thou to me Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn Descry a land far off and know not which. So I approach uncertain; so I cruise Round thy mysterious islet, and behold Surf and great mountains and loud river bars. And from the shore hear inland voices call. Strange is the seaman's heart; he hopes, he fears; Draws closer and sweeps wider from that coast; Last, his rent sail refits, and to the deep His shattered prow uncomforted puts back. Yet as he goes he ponders at the helm Of that bright island; where he feared to touch, His spirit re-adventures; and for years

Where by his wife he slumbers safe at home, Thoughts of that land revisit him; he sees The eternal mountains beckon, and awakes Yearning for that far home that might have been.

### XI.

# TO WILL H. LOW.

Youth now flees on feathered foot Faint and fainter sounds the flute. Rarer songs of gods; and still Somewhere on the sunny hill, Or along the winding stream, Through the willows, flits a dream: Flits, but shows a smiling face, Flees, but with so quaint a grace, None can choose to stay at home, All must follow, all must roam. This is unborn beauty: she Now in air floats high and free, Takes the sun and breaks the blue;-Late with stooping pinion flew Raking hedgerow trees, and wet Her wing in silver streams, and set Shining foot on temple roof; Now again she flies aloof.

Coasting mountain clouds and kiss't By the evening's amethyst.

In wet wood and miry lane,
Still we pant and pound in vain;
Still with leaden foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face;
Still with gray hair we stumble on,
Till, behold, the vision gone!
Where hath fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay:
We have come the primrose way.

### XII.

# TO MRS. WILL. H. LOW.

Even in the bluest noonday of July,

There could not run the smallest breath of wind
But all the quarter sounded like a wood;

And in the checkered silence and above
The hum of city cabs that sought the Bois,
Suburban ashes shivered into song.

A patter and a chatter and a chirp

And a long-dying hiss—it was as though
Starched old brocaded, dames through all the house

Had trailed a strident skirt, or the whole sky Even in a wink had over-brimmed in rain. Hark, in these shady parlours, how it talks Of the near autumn, how the smitten ash Trembles and augurs floods! O not too long In these inconstant latitudes delay, O not too late from the unbeloved north

Trim you escape! For soon shall this low roof Resound indeed with rain; soon shall your eyes Search the foul garden, search the darkened rooms,

Nor find one jewel but the blazing log. 12 Rue Vernier, Paris.

### XIII.

# TO H. F. BROWN.

(Written During a Dangerous Sickness.)

I sit and wait a pair of oars
On cis-Elysian river-shores.
Where the immortal dead have sate,
'Tis mine to sit and meditate;
To re-ascend life's rivulet,
Without remorse, without regret;
And sing my Alma Genetrix
Among the willows of the Styx.

And lo, as my serener soul
Did these unhappy shores patrol,
And wait with an attentive ear
The coming of the gondolier,
Your fire-surviving roll I took,
Your spirited and happy book;\*

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Life on the Lagoons," by H. F. Brown, originally burned in the fire at Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co's.

Whereon, despite my frowning fate, It did my soul so recreate
That all my fancies fled away
On a Venetian holiday.

Now, thanks to your triumphant care, Your pages clear as April air,
The sails, the bells, the birds, I know,
And the far-off Friulan snow;
The land and sea, the sun and shade,
And the blue even, lamp-inlaid,
For this, for these, for all, O friend,
For your whole book from end to end—
For Paron Piero's muttonham—
I your defaulting debtor am.

Perchance, reviving, yet may I To your sea-paven city hie, And in a *felse*, some day, yet Light at your pipe my cigarette.

### XIV.

# TO ANDREW LANG.

DEAR Andrew, with the Brindled hair. Who glory to have thrown in air, High over arm, the trembling reed, By Ale and Kail, by Till and Tweed; An equal craft of hand you show The pen to guide, the fly to throw: I count you happy starred; for God When He with inkpot and with rod Endowed you, bade your fortune lead Forever by the crooks of Tweed, Forever by the woods of song And lands that to the Muse belong; Or, if in peopled streets, or in The abhorred pedantic sanhedrim, It should be yours to wander, still Airs of the morn, airs of the hill, The plovery Forest and the seas That break about the Hebrides,

Should follow over field and plain
And find you at the window-pane;
And you again see hill and peel,
And the bright springs gush at your heel.
So went the fiat forth, and so
Garrulous like a brook you go,
With sound of happy mirth and sheen
Of daylight—whether by the green
You fare that moment, or the gray;
Whether you dwell in March or May;
Or whether treat of reels and rods
Or of the old unhappy gods:
Still like a brook your page has shone,
And your ink sings of Helicon.

### XV.

# ET TU IN ARCADIA VIXISTI.

(TO R. A. M. S.)

In ancient tales, O friend, thy spirit dwelt;
There, from of old, thy childhood passed; and
there

High expectation, high delights and deeds,
Thy fluttering heart with hope and terror moved.
And thou hast heard of yore the Blatant Beast,
And Roland's horn, and that war-scattering shout
Of all-unarmed Achilles, ægis-crowned.
And perilous lands thou sawest, sounding shores
And seas and forests drear, island and dale
And mountain dark. For thou with Tristram
rod'st

Or Bedevere, in farthest Lyonesse.
Thou hadst a booth in Samarcand, whereat
Side-looking Magians trafficked; thence, by night,
An Afreet snatched thee, and with wings upbore
Beyond the Aral mount; or hoping gain,

Thou, with a jar of money didst embark
For Balsorah, by sea. But chiefly thou
In that clear air took'st life; in Arcady
The haunted, land of song; and by the wells
Where most the gods frequent. There Chiron
old, .

In the Pelethronian antre, taught thee lore:
The plants, he taught, and by the shining stars
In forests dim to steer. There hast thou seen
Immortal Pan dance secret in a glade,
And, dancing, roll his eyes; these, where they
fell.

Shed glee, and through the congregated oaks
A flying horror winged; while all the earth
To the god's pregnant footing thrilled within.
Or whiles, beside the sobbing stream, he breathed
In his clutched pipe unformed and wizard strains,
Divine yet brutal; which the forest heard,
And thou, with awe; and far upon the plain
The unthinking ploughman started and gave ear.
Now things there are that, upon him who sees,
A strong vocation lay; and strains there are
That whose hears shall hear for evermore.
For evermore thou hear'st a mortal Pan

And those melodious godheads, ever young And ever choiring on the mountains old.

What was this earth, child of the gods, to thee? Forth from thy dreamland thou, a dreamer, cam'st,

And in thine ears the olden music rang, And in thy mind the doings of the dead, And those heroic ages long forgot. To a so fallen earth, alas! too late. Alas! in evil days, thy steps return, To list at noon for nightingales, to grow A dweller on the beach till Argo come. That came long since; a lingerer by the pool Where that desired angel bathes no more. As when the Indian to Dakota comes, Or farthest Idaho, and where he dwelt, He, with his clan, a humming city finds; Thereon awhile, amazed, he stares, and then To right and leftward, like a questing dog, Seeks first the ancestral altars, then the hearth Long cold with rains, and where old terror lodged.

And where the dead. So thee undying Hope,

With all her pack, hunts screaming through the years:

Here, there, thou fleest; but nor here nor there The pleasant gods abide, the glory dwells.

That, that was not Apollo, not the god.

This was not Venus, though she Venus seemed A moment. And though fair yon river move, She, all the way from disenchanted fount

To seas unhallowed runs; the gods forsook

Lng since her trembling rushes; from her plans

Disconsolate, long since adventure fled;

And now although the inviting river flows

And every poplared cape and every bend

Or willowy islet, win upon thy soul

And yet to thy hopeful shallop whisper speed;

Yet hope not thou at all; hope is no more;

And O, long since the golden groves are dead

The faery cities vanished from the land!

# XVI.

## TO W. E. HENLEY.

THE year runs through her phases; rain and sun, Springtime and summer pass; winter succeeds; But one pale season rules the house of death.

Cold falls the imprisoned daylight; fell disease By each lean pallet squats, and pain and sleep Toss gaping on the pillows.

But O thou!

Uprise and take thy pipe. Bid music flow, Strains by good thoughts attended, like the spring

The swallows follow over land and sea.

Pain sleeps at once; at once, with open eyes,
Dozing despair awakes. The shepherd sees
His flock come bleating home; the seaman hears
Once more the cordage rattle. Airs of home!
Youth, love, and roses blossom; the gaunt ward

Dislimns and disappears, and, opening out, Shows brooks and forests, and the blue beyond Of mountains.

Small the pipe; but oh! do thou,
Peak-faced and suffering piper, blow therein
The dirge of heroes dead; and to these sick,
These dying, sound the triumph over death.
Behold! each greatly breathes; each tastes a joy
Unknown before, in dying; for each knows
A hero dies with him—though unfulfilled,
Yet conquering truly—and not dies in vain.

So is pain cheered, death comforted; the house Of sorrow smiles to listen. Once again—
O thou, Orpheus and Heracles, the bard
And the deliverer, touch the stops again!

#### XVII.

# HENRY JAMES.

Who comes to-night? We ope the doors in vain, Who comes? My bursting walls, can you contain

The presences that now together throng
Your narrow entry, as with flowers and song,
As with the air of life, the breath of talk?
Lo, how these fair immaculate women walk
Behind their jocund maker; and we see
Slighted De Mauves, and that far different she,
Gressie, the trivial sphynx; and to our feast,
Daisy and Barb and Chancellor (she not least!)
With all their silken, all their airy kin,
Do like unbidden angels enter in.
But he, attended by these shining names,
Comes (best of all) himself—our welcome James.

#### XVIII.

## THE MIRROR SPEAKS.

Where th bells peal far at sea
Cunning fingers fashioned me.
There on palace walls I hung
While that Consuelo sung;
But I heard, though I listened well,
Never a note, never a trill,
Never a beat of the chiming bell.
There I hung and looked, and there
In my gray face, faces fair
Shone from under shining hair.
Well I saw the poising head,
But the lips moved and nothing said;
And when lights were in the hall,
Silent moved the dancers all.

So a while I glowed, and then Fell on dusty days and men; Long I slumbered packed in straw, Long I none but dealers saw; Till before my silent eye One that sees came passing by.

Now with an outlandish grace, To the sparkling fire I face In the blue room at Skerryvore; Where I wait until the door Open, and the Prince of Men, Henry James, shall come again.

# XIX.

### KATHARINE.

We see you as we see a face
That trembles in a forest place
Upon the mirror of a pool
Forever quiet, clear, and cool;
And in the wayward glass appears
To hover between smiles and tears,
Elfin and human, airy and true,
And backed by the reflected blue.

## XX.

# TO F. J. S.

I READ, dear friend, in your dear face Your life's tale told with perfect grace; The river of your life I trace Up the sun-checkered, devious bed To the far-distant fountain-head.

Not one quick beat of your warm heart,
Nor thought that came to you apart,
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain
Nor sorrow, has gone by in vain;
But as some lone, wood-wandering child
Brings home with him at evening mild
The thorns and flowers of all the wild,
From your whole life, O fair and true
Your flowers and thorns you bring with you!

#### XXI.

# REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

## XXII.

## THE CELESTIAL SURGEON.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

#### XXIII.

# OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

Out of the sun, out of the blast,
Out of the world, alone I passed
Across the moor and through the wood
To where the monastery stood.
There neither lute nor breathing fife,
Nor rumour of the world of life,
Nor confidences low and dear,
Shall strike the meditative ear.
Aloof, unhelpful, and unkind,
The prisoners of the iron mind,
Where nothing speaks except the hell,
The unfraternal brothers dwell.

Poor, passionate men, still clothed afresh With agonizing folds of flesh; Whom the clear eyes solicit still To some bold output of the will, While fairy Fancy far before

And musing Memory-Hold-the-door Now to heroic death invite And now uncertain fresh delight: O, little boots it thus to dwell On the remote unneighboured hill!

O, to be up and doing, O
Unfearing and unshamed to go
In all the uproar and the press
About my human business!
My undissuaded heart I hear
Whisper courage in my ear.
With voiceless calls, the ancient earth
Summons me to a daily birth.
Thou, O my love, ye, O my friends—
The gist of life, the end of ends—
To laugh, to love, to live, to die,
Ye call me by the ear and eye!

Forth from the casemate, on the plain Where honour has the world to gain, Pour forth and bravely do your part, O knights of the unshielded heart! Forth and forever forward!—out

From prudent turret and redoubt,
And in the mellay charge amain,
To fall, but yet to rise again!
Captive? ah, still, to honour bright,
A captive soldier of the right!
Or free and fighting, good with ill?
Unconquering but unconquered still!

And ye, O brethren, what if God, When from heav'n's top He spies abroad, And sees on this tormented stage The noble war of mankind rage: What if His vivifying eye, O monks, should pass your corner by? For still the Lord is Lord of might: In deeds, in deeds, He takes delight; The plow, the spear, the laden barks, The field, the founded city, marks; He marks the smiler of the streets. The singer upon garden seats; He sees the climber in the rocks: To Him the shepherd folds his flocks. For those He loves that underprop With daily virtues heaven's top,

And bear the falling sky with ease, Unfrowning caryatides.

Those he approves that ply the trade, That rock the child, that wed the maid, That with weak virtues, weaker hands, Sow gladness on the peopled lands, And still with laughter, song and shout, Spin the great wheel of earth about.

But ye—O ye who linger still,
Here in your fortress on the hill,
With placid face, with tranquil breath,
The unsought volunteers of death,
Our cheerful General on high
With careless looks may pass you by.

#### XXIV.

Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert, Where thou with grass, and rivers, and the breeze, And the bright face of day, thy dalliance hadst; Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds;

Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.

The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore

Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet a while depart.
Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve entwined;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done!
A bond at birth is forged; a debt doth lie
Immortal on mortality. It grows—
By bast rebound it grows, unceasing growth;
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,

From man, from God, from nature, till the soul At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave

Thy debts dishonoured, nor thy place desert Without due service rendered. For thy life. Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay. Thy body, now beleaguered; whether soon Or late she fall; whether to-day thy friends Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man Grown old in honour and the friend of peace. Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours: Each is with service pregnant; each reclaimed Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign. As when a captain rallies to the fight His scattered legions, and beats ruin back, He, on the field, encamps, well pleased in mind. Yet surely him shall fortune overtake, Him smite in turn, headlong his ensigns drive; And that dear land, now safe, to-morrow fall. But he, unthinking, in the present good Solely delights, and all the camps rejoice.

## XXV.

It is not yours, O mother, to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,

Mother and child no more

We wander; and no more the birth

Of me whom once you bore

Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed

of yore;

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight,
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn.

The acorn on the hill,

Each for some separate end is born

In season fit, and still

Each must in strength arise to work the almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land;
Nor aught of all man's sons escape from that
command.

So from the sally each obeys
The unseen almighty nod;
So till the ending all their ways
Blindfolded loath have trod:
Nor knew their task at all, but were the tools of
God.

And as the fervent smith of yore Beat out the glowing blade, Nor wielded in the front of war The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing
trade;

So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother well content.

## XXVI.

#### THE SICK CHILD.

#### Child-

O MOTHER, lay your hand on my brow!
O mother, mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

#### Mother-

Fear not at all: the night is still; Nothing is here that means you ill—Nothing but lamps the whole town through, And never a child awake but you.

# Child-

Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away,
I have a fear that I cannot say.
What have I done, and what do I fear,
And why are you crying, mother dear?

## Mother-

Out in the city, sounds begin;
Thank the kind God, the carts come in!
An hour or two more, and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window-blind,
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.

## XXVII.

## IN MEMORIAM F. A. S.

YET, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or
heart.

Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to
smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,

You alone have crossed the melancholy stream, Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream. All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason, Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.

Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season

And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

Davos, 1881.

#### XXVIII.

#### TO MY FATHER.

Peace and her huge invasion to these shores
Puts daily home; innumerable sails
Dawn on the far horizon and draw near;
Innumerable loves, uncounted hopes
To our wild coasts, not darkling now, approach:
Not now obscure, since thou and thine are there,
And bright on the lone isle, the foundered reef,
The long, resounding foreland, Pharos stands.

These are thy works, O father, these thy crown; Whether on high the air be pure, they shine Along the yellowing sunset, and all night Among the unnumbered stars of God they shine; Or whether fogs arise and far and wide The low sea-level drown—each finds a tongue And all night long the tolling bell resounds: So shine, so toil, till night be overpast,

Till the stars vanish, till the sun return, And in the haven rides the fleet secure.

In the first hour, the seaman in his skiff

Moves through the unmoving bay, to where the
town

Its earliest smoke into the air upbreathes And the rough hazels climb along the beach. To the tugg'd oar the distant echo speaks. The ship lies resting, where by reef and roost Thou and thy lights have led her like a child.

This hast thou done, and I—can I be base? I must arise, O father, and to port Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home.

# XXIX.

### IN THE STATES.

With half a heart I wander here
As from an age gone by
A brother—yet though young in years,
An elder brother, I.

You speak another tongue than mine,
Though both were English born.
I toward the night of time decline,
You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free,
But age must still decay:
To-morrow for the States—for me,
England and Yesterday.
San Francisco.

## XXX.

#### A PORTRAIT.

I AM a kind of farthing dip,
Unfriendly to the nose and eyes;
A blue-behinded ape, I skip
Upon the trees of Paradise.

At mankind's feast, I take my place In solemn, sanctimonious state, And have the air of saying grace While I defile the dinner-plate.

I am "the smiler with the knife,"
The battener upon garbage, I—
Dear Heaven, with such a rancid life,
Were it not better far to die?

Yet still, about the human pale,
I love to scamper, love to race,
To swing by my irreverent tail
All over the most holy place;

And when at length, some golden day,
The unfailing sportsman, aiming at,
Shall bag me—all the world will say,
Thank God, and there's an end of that!

#### XXXI.

Sing clearlier, Muse, or evermore be still,
Sing truer or no longer sing!
No more the voice of melancholy Jacques
To make a weeping echo in the hill;
But as the boy, the pirate of the spring,
From the green elm a living linnet takes,
One natural verse recapture—then be still.

## XXXII.

## A CAMP.1

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

<sup>1</sup>From "Travels with a Donkey."

## XXXIII.

# THE COUNTRY OF THE CAMISARDS.1

We travelled in the print of olden wars,
Yet all the land was green
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they wield;
And O, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!

From "Travels with a Donkey."

# XXXIV.

# SKERRYVORE.

For love of lovely words and for the sake Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen, Who early and late in the windy occan toiled To plant a star for seamen, where was then The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants: I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe The name of a strong tower.

#### XXXV.

# SKERRYVORE: THE PARALLEL.

HERE all is sunny, and when the truant gull Skims the green level of the lawn, his wing Dispetals roses; here the house is framed Of kneaded brick and the plumed mountain pine, Such clay as artists fashion and such wood As the tree-climbing urchin breaks. But there Eternal granite hewn from the living isle And dowelled with brute iron, rears a tower That from its wet foundation to its crown Of glittering glass, stands, in the sweep of winds, Immovable, immortal, eminent.

## XXXVI.

My house, I say. But hark to the sunny doves
That make my roof the arena of their loves,
That gyre about the gable all day long
And fill the chimneys with their murmurous
song:

Our house, they say; and mine, the cat declares And spreads his golden fleece upon the chairs; And mine, the dog, and rises stiff with wrath If any alien foot profane the path.

So too the buck that trimmed my terraces, Our whilome gardener, called the garden his; Who now, deposed, surveys my plain abode And his late kingdom, only from the road.

#### XXXVII.

My body, which my dungeon is, And yet my parks and palaces:-Which is so great that there I go All the day long to and fro, And when the night begins to fall Throw down my bed and sleep, while all The building hums with wakefulness-Even as a child of savages When evening takes her on her way (She having roamed a summer's day Along the mountain sides and scalp), Sleeps in an antre of that alp:-Which is so broad and high that there, As in the topless fields of air, My fancy soars like to a kite And faints in the blue infinite:-Which is so strong, my strongest throes And the rough world's besieging blows Not break it, and so weak withal,

Death ebbs and flows in its loose wall
As the green sea in fishers' nets,
And tops its topmost parapets:—
Which is so wholly mine that I
Can wield its whole artillery,
And mine so little, that my soul
Dwells in perpetual control,
And I but think and speak and do
As my dead fathers move me to:—
If this born body of my bones
The beggared soul so barely owns,
What passed from hand to hand,
What creeping custom of the land,
What deed of author or assign,
Can make a house a thing of mine?

## XXXVIII.

Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labours of my sires, and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.

But rather say: In the afternoon of time A strenuous family dusted from its hands The sand of granite, and beholding far Along the sounding coast its pyramids And tall memorials catch the dying sun, Smiled well content, and to this childish task Around the fire addressed its evening hours.

# BOOK II.—IN SCOTS.

# TABLE OF COMMON SCOTTISH VOWEL SOUNDS.

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} ae \\ ai \end{array} \right\} = \text{open A, as in rare.}$$
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a' \\ au \\ aw \end{array} \right\} = \text{AW, as in law.}$ 

ea =open E, as in mere, but this with exceptions, as heather=heather, wean=wain, lear=lair.

oa =open o, as in more.

ou =doubled o, as in poor.

ow=ow, as in bower.

u =doubled o, as in poor.

ui or ii before R=(say roughly) open A, as in rare.

ui or ü before any other consonant=(say roughly) close
1, as in grin.

y =open 1, as in kite.

i =pretty nearly what you please, much as in English.

Heaven guide the reader through that labyrinth!

But in Scots it dodges usually from the short I,
as in grin, to the open E, as in mere. Find and
blind, I may remark, are pronounced to rhyme
with the preterite of grin.

#### THE MAKER TO POSTERITY.

FAR 'yont amang the years to be,
When a' we think, an' a' we see,
An' a' we luve, 's been dung ajee
By time's rouch shouther,
An' what was richt and wrang for
Lies mangled throu'ther,

It's possible—it's hardly mair—
That some ane, ripin' after lear—
Some auld professor or young heir,
If still there's either—
May find an' read me, an' be sair
Perplexed, puir brither!

"What tongue does your auld bookie speak?"
He'll spier; an' I his mou to steik:
"No bein' fit to write in Greek,
I wrote in Lallan,

Dear to my heart as the peat reek, Auld as Tantallon.

"Few spak it than an' noo there's nane.

My puir auld sangs lie a' their lane,

Their sense, that aince was braw an' plain,

Tint a'thegether,

Like runes upon a standin' stane

Amang the heather.

"But think not you the brae to speel;
You, tae, maun chow the bitter peel;
For a' your lear, for a' your skeel,
Ye're nane sae lucky;
An' things are mebbe waur than weel
For you, my buckie.

"The hale concern (baith hens an' eggs,
Baith books an' writers, stars an' clegs)
Noo stachers upon lowsent legs
An' wears awa';
The tack o' mankind, near the dregs,
Rins unco law.

"Your book, that in some braw new tongue,
Ye wrote or prentit, pretched or sung,
Will still be just a bairn, an' young
In fame an' years,
Whan the hale planet's guts are dung
About your ears;

"An' you, sair gruppin' to a spar
Or whammled wi some bleezin' star,
Cryin' tae ken whaur deil ye are,
Hame, France or Flanders—
Whang sindry like a railway car
An' flie in danders."

#### ILLE TERRARUM.

Frae Norlan' snaw, an' haar o' seas,
Weel happit in your gairden trees,
A bonny bit,
Atween the muckle Pentland's knees,
Secure ye sit.

Beeches an' aiks entwine their theek, An' firs, a stench, auld-farrant clique. A' simmer day, your chimleys reek, Couthy and bien;

An' here an' there your windies keek Amang the green.

A pickle plats an' paths an' posies,
A wheen auld gillyflowers an' roses:
A ring o' wa's the hale encloses
Frae sheep or men;

An' there the auld housie beeks an' dozes
A' by her lane.

The gairdner crooks his weary back
A' day in the pitaty-track,
Or mebbe stops a while to crack
Wi' Jane the cook,
Or at some buss, worm-eaten-black,
To gie a look.

Frae the high hills the curlew ca's;
The sheep gang baaing by the wa's;
Or whiles a clan o' roosty craws
Cangle together;

The wild bees seek the gairden raws, Weariet wi' heather.

Or in the gloamin' douce an' gray
The sweet-throat mavis tunes her lay;
The herd comes linkin' doun the brae;
An' by degrees
The muckle siller mune maks way
Amang the trees.

Here aft hae I, wi' sober heart,
For meditation sat apairt,
When orra loves or kittle art
Perplexed my mind;
Here socht a balm for ilka smart
O' humankind.

Here aft, weel neukit by my lane,
Wi' Horace, or perhaps Montaigne,
The mornin' hours hae come an' gane
Abüne my heid—
I wadnae gi'en a chucky-stane
For a' I'd read.

But noo the auld city, street by street,
An' winter fu' o' snaw an' sleet,
A while shut in my gangrel feet
An' goavin' mettle;
Noo is the soopit ingle sweet,
An' liltin' kettle.

An' noo the winter winds complain; Cauld lies the glaur in ilka lane; On draigled hizzie, tautit wean,
An' drucken lads,
In the mirk nicht, the winter rain
Dribbles an' blads.

Whan bugles frae the Castle rock,
An' beaten drums, wi' dowie shock,
Wauken, at cauld-rife sax o'clock,
My chitterin' frame,
I mind me on the kintry cock,
The kintry hame.

I mind me on yon bonny bield;
An' Fancy traivels far afield
To gaither a' that gairdens yield
O' sun an' Simmer:
To hearten up a dowie chield,
Fancy's the limmer!

When aince Aprile has fairly come,
An' birds may bigg in winter's lum,
An' pleisure's spreid for a' and some
O' whatna state,
Love, wi' her auld recruitin' drum,
Than taks the gate.

The heart plays dunt wi' main an' micht;
The lasses' een are a' sae bricht,
Their dresses are sae braw an' ticht,
The bonny birdies!—
Puir winter virtue at the sicht

Gangs heels ower hurdies.

An' aye as love frae land to land
Tirls the drum wi' eident hand,
A' men collect at her command
Toun-bred or land'art,
An' follow in a denty band
Her gaucy standard.

# 202 AINCE APRILE HAS FAIRLY COME.

An' I; wha sang o' rain an' snaw,
An' weary winter weel awa',
Noo busk me in a jacket braw,
An' tak my place
I' the ram-stam, harum-scarum raw
Wi' smilin' face.

LOWELPH VOULE SAF T

#### IV.

# A MILE AN' A BITTOCK.

A MILE an' a bittock, a mile or twa, Abüne the burn, ayont the law, Davie an' Donal an' Cherlie an' a', An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

The clocks were chappin' in house an' ha', 'Eleeven, twal, an' ane an' twa;
An' the guidman's face was turnt to the wa',
An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

A wind got up frae affa the sea, It blew the stars as clear's could be, It blew in the een of a' o' the three, An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

Noo, Davie was first to get sleep in his head, "The best o' frien's maun twine," he said; "I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa' to my bed."

An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam gray an' plain,
An' the birds they yammert on stick an' stane,
An' the mune was shinin' clearly!

O years ayont, O years awa',
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly.

#### V.

## A LOWDEN SABBATH MORN.

The clinkum-clank o' Sabbath bells

Noo to the hoastin' rookery swells,

Noo faintin' laigh in shady dells,

Sounds far an' near,

An' through the simmer kintry tells

Its tale o' cheer.

An' noo, to that melodious play,
A' deidly awn the quiet sway—
A' ken their solemn holiday,
Bestial an' human,
The singin' lintie on the brae,
The restin' plou'man.

He, mair than a' the lave o' men, His week completit joys to ken; Half-dressed, he daunders out an' in, Perplext wi' leisure; An' his raxt limbs he'll rax again Wi' painfü' pleesure.

The steerin' mither strang afit
Noo shoos the bairnies but a bit;
Noo cries them ben, their Sinday shuit
To scart upon them,
Or sweeties in their pouch to pit,
Wi' blessin's on them.

The lasses, clean frae tap to taes,
Are busked in crunklin' underclaes;
The gartened hose, the weel-filled stays,
The nakit shift,

A' bleached on bonny greens for days, An' white's the drift.

An' noo to face the kirkward mile:
The guidman's hat o' dacent style,
The blackit shoon, we noo maun fyle
As white's the miller;
A waefü peety tae, to spile
The warth o' siller.

Our Marg'et, aye sae keen to crack,
Douce-stappin' in the stoury track,
Her emeralt goun a' kiltit back
Frae snawy coats,
White-ankled, leads the kirkward pack
Wi' Dauvit Groats.

A thocht ahint, in runkled breeks
A' spiled wi' lyin' by for weeks,
The guidman follows closs, an' cleiks
The sonsie missis;
His sarious face at aince bespeaks
The day that this is.

And aye an' while we nearer draw
To whaur the kirton lies alaw,
Mair neebors, comin' saft an' slaw
Frae here an' there,
The thicker thrang the gate an' caw
The stour in air.

But hark! the bells frae nearer clang; To rowst the slaw, their sides they bang; An' see! black coats a'ready thrang
The green kirkyaird,
And at the yett, the chestnuts spang
That brocht the laird.

The solemn elders at the plate
Stand drinkin' deep the pride o' state:
That practised hands as gash an' great
As Lords o' Session;
The later named, a wee thing blate
In their expression.

The prentit stanes that mark the deid, Wi' lengthened lip, the sarious read; Syne wag a moraleesin' heid, An' then an' there
Their hirplin' practice an' their creed
Try hard to square.

It's here our Merren lang has lain,
A wee bewast the table-stane;
An' yon's the grave o' Sandy Blane;
An' further ower,
The mither's brithers, dacent men!
Lie a' the fower.

Here the guidman sall bide awee
To dwall amang the deid; to see
Auld faces clear in fancy's e'e;
Belike to hear
Auld voices fa'in' saft an' slee
On fancy's ear.

Thus, on the day o' solemn things;
The bell that in the steeple swings
To fauld a scaittered faim'ly rings
Its walcome screed;
An' just a wee thing nearer brings
The quick an' deid.

But noo the bell is ringin' in;
To tak their places, folk begin;
The minister himsel' will shüne
Be up the gate,
Filled fu' wi' clavers about sin
An' man's estate.

The tunes are up—French, to be shure,
The faithfü' French, an' twa-three mair.
The auld prezentor, hoastin' sair,
Wales out the portions,

An' yirks the tune into the air Wi' queer contortions.

Follows the prayer, the readin' next,
An' then the fisslin' for the text—
The twa-three last to find it, vext
But kind o' proud;
An' than the peppermints are raxed,
An' southernwood.

For noo's the time whan pows are seen Nid-noddin' like a mandareen;
When tenty mithers stap a preen
In sleepin' weans;
An' nearly half the parochine
Forget their pains.

There's just a waukrif' twa or three:
Thrawn commentautors sweer to 'gree,
Weans glowrin' at the bumblin' bee
On windie-glasses,
Or lads that tak a keek a-glee
At sonsie lasses.

Himsel', meanwhile, frae whaur he cocks
An' bobs belaw the soundin'-box,
The treesures of his words unlocks
Wi' prodigality,
An' deals some unco dingin' knocks
To infidality.

Wi' sappy unction, hoo he burkes
The hopes o' men that trust in works,
Expounds the fau'ts o' ither kirks,
An' shaws the best o' them
No muckle better than mere Turks,
When a' 's confessed o' them.

Bethankit! what a bonny creed!

What mair could ony Christian need?—
The braw words rumm'le ower his heid,
 Nor steer the sleeper;
An' in their restin' graves the deid
 Sleep aye the deeper.

Note.—It may be guessed by some that I had a certain parish in my eye, and this makes it proper I should add a word of disclamation. In my time there have been two ministers in that parish. Of the first I have a special

reason to speak well, even had there been any to think ill. The second I have often met in private, and long (in the due phrase) "sat under" in his church, and neither here nor there have I heard an unkind or ugly word upon his lips. The preacher of the text had thus no original in that particular parish; but when I was a boy, he might have been observed in many others; he was then (like the schoolmaster) abroad; and, by recent advices, it would seem he has not yet entirely disappeared.

#### VI.

#### THE SPAEWIFE.

- O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—Why chops are guid to bander and nane sae guid to fry.
- An' siller, that 's sae braw to keep, is brawer still to gi'e.
- —It's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.
- O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I— Hoo a' things come to be whaur we find them when we try,
- The lasses in their claes an' the fishes in the sea.

  —It's gey an' casy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.
- O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—Why lads are a' to sell an' lasses a' to buy;
  An' naebody for dacency but barely twa or three—It's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

- O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—Gin death's as shure to men as killin' is to kye,
- Why God has filled the yearth sae fu' o' tasty things to pree.
- —It's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.
- O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
  The reason o' the cause an' the wherefore o' the
  why,
- Wi' mony anither riddle brings the tear unto my e'e.
- —It's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

#### VII.

# THE BLAST-1875.

It's rainin'. Weet's the gairden sod,
Weet the lang roads whaur gangrels plod—
A maist unceevil thing o' God
In mid July—
If ye'll just curse the sneckdraw, dod!
An' sae wull I!

He's a braw place in heev'n, ye ken,
An' lea's us puir, forjaskit men
Clamjamfried in the but and ben
He ca's the earth—
A wee bit inconvenient den
No muckle worth;

An' whiles, at orra times, keeks out, Sees what puir mankind are about; An' if He can, I've little doubt, Upsets their plans; He hates a' mankind, brainch and root, An a' that's man's.

An' whiles, whan they tak heart again,
An' life i' the sun looks braw an' plain,
Doun comes a jaw o' droukin' rain
Upon their honours—
God sends a spate outower the plain,
Or mebbe thun'ers.

Lord safe us, life's an unco thing!
Simmef an' Winter, Yule an' Spring,
The damned, dour-heartit seasons bring
A feck o' trouble.

I wadna try 't to be a king— No, nor for double.

Sae tak the nod.

But since we're in it, willy-nilly,
We maun be watchfu', wise, and skilly
An' no mind ony ither billy,
Lassie nor God.
But drink—that's my best counsel till 'e

#### VIII.

# THE COUNTERBLAST-1886.

My bonny man, the warld, it's true,
Was made for neither me nor you;
It's just a place to warstle through,
As Job confessed o't;
And aye the best that we'll can do
Is mak the best o't.

There's rowth o' wrang, I'm free to say,
The simmer brunt, the winter blae,
The face of earth a' fyled wi' clay
An' dour wi' chuckies,
An' life a rough an' land'art play
For country buckies.

An' food's anither name for clart;
An' beasts an' brambles bite an' scart;
An' what would we be like, my heart!

If bared o' claethin'?

—Aweel, I cannae mend your cart: It's that or naethin'.

A feck o' folk frae first to last

Have through this queer experience passed;

Twa-three, I ken, just damn an' blast

The hale transaction;

But twa-three ithers, east an' wast,

Fand satisfaction

Whaur braid the briery muirs expand,
A waefü' an' a weary land,
The bumblebees, a gowden band,
Are blithely hingin';
An' there the canty wanderer fand
The laverock singin'.

Trout in the burn grow great as herr'n',
The simple sheep can find their fair'n';
The wind blaws clean about the cairn
Wi' caller air;
The muircock an' the barefit bairn

Are happy there.

Sic-like the howes o' life to some:

Green loans whaur they ne'er fash their thumb,

But mark the muckle winds that come,

Soopin' an' cool,

Or hear the powrin' burnie drum '
In the shilfa's pool.

The evil wi' the guid they tak;
They ca' a gray thing gray, no black;
To a steigh brae, a stubborn back
Addressin' daily;
An' up the rude, unbieldy track
O' life, gang gayly.

What you would like 's a palace ha',
Or Sinday parlour dink an' braw,
Wi' a' things ordered in a raw
By denty leddies.
Weel, than, ye cannae hae't; that's a'
That to be said is.

An' since at life ye've taen the grue, An' winnae blithely hirsle through, Ye've fund the very thing to do—
That's to drink speerit;
An' shune we'll hear the last o' you—
An' blithe to hear it!

The shoon ye coft, the life ye lead,
Ithers will heir when aince ye're deid;
They'll heir your tasteless bite o' breid,
An' find it sappy;
They'll to your dulefu' house succeed,
An' there be happy.

As whan a glum an' fractious wean Has sat an' sullened by his lane
Till' wi' a rowstin' skelp, he's taen
An' shoo'd to bed—
The ither bairns a' fa' to play'n',
As gleg's a gled.

#### IX.

## THE COUNTERBLAST IRONICAL.

It's strange that God should fash to frame
The yearth and lift sae hie,
An' clean forget to explain the same
To a gentleman like me.

They gutsy, donnered ither folk,

Their weird they weel may dree;
But why present a pig in a poke

To a gentleman like me?

They ither folk their parritch eat
Au' sup their sugared tea;
But the mind is no to be wyled wi' meat
Wi' a gentleman like me.

They ither folk, they court their joes
At gloamin' on the lea;

But they're made of a commoner clay, I suppose,
Than a gentleman like me.

They ither folk, for richt or wrang,
They suffer, bleed, or dee;
But a' thir things are an emp'y sang
To a gentleman like me.

It's a different thing that I demand,

Tho' humble as can be—

A statement fair in my Maker's hand

To a gentleman like me:

A clear account writ fair an' broad,
An' a plain apologie;
Or the deevil a ceevil word to God
From a gentleman like me.

# THEIR LAUREATE TO AN ACADEMY CLASS DINNER CLUB.

Dear Thamson class, whaure'er I gang
It aye comes ower me wi' a spang:
"Lordsake! they Thamson lads—(deil hang
Of else Lord mend them!)—
An' that wanchancy annual sang
I ne'er can send them!"

Straucht, at the name a trusty tyke,
My conscience girrs ahint the dyke;
Straucht on my hinderlands I fyke
To find a rhyme t' ye;
Pleased—although mebbe no pleased-like
To gie my time t' ye.

"Wecl," an' says you, wi' heavin' breist, "Sae far, sae guid, but what's the neist?

Yearly we gaither to the feast,

A' hopefu' men—

Yearly we skelloch 'Hang the beast—

Nac sang again!' "

My lads, an' what am I to say?
Ye shürely ken the Muse's way:
Yestreen, as gleg's a tyke—the day,
Thrawn like a cuddy:
Her conduc', that to her's a play,
Deith to a body.

Aft whan I sat an' made my mane,
Aft whan I laboured burd-alane
Fishin' for rhymes an' findin' nane,
Or nane were fit for ye—
Ye judged me cauld's a chucky stane—
No car'n' a bit for ye!

But saw ye ne'er some pingein' bairn As weak as a pitaty-par'n'— Less üsed wi' guidin' horse-shoe airn Than steerin' crowdiePacked aff his lane, by moss an' cairn, To ca' the howdie.

Wae's me, for the puir callant than!
He wambles like a poke o' bran,
An' the lowse rein, as hard's he can,
Pu's, trem'lin handit;
Till, blaff! upon his hinderlan'
Behauld him landit.

Sic-like—I awn the weary fac'—
Whan on my muse the gate I tak,
An' see her gleed e'e raxin' back
To keek ahint her;—
To me the brig of heev'n gangs black
As blackest winter.

"Lordsake! we're off." thinks, I, "but whaur?
On what abhorred and whinny scaur,
Or whammled in what sea o' glaur,
Will she desert me?
An' will she just disgrace? or waur—
Will she no hurt me?"

Kittle the quære! But at least
The day I've becked the fashious beast,
While she, wi' mony a spang an' reist,
Flang heels ower bonnet;
An' a' triumphant—for your feast,
Hae! there's your sonnet!

#### XI.

#### EMBRO HIE KIRK.

THE Lord Himsel' in former days Waled out the proper tunes for praise An' named the proper kind of claes For folk to preach in: Preceese and in the chief o' ways Important teachin'.

He ordered a' things, late and air': He ordered folk to stand at prayer (Although I cannae just mind where He gave the warnin'), An' pit pomatum on their hair On Sabbath mornin'.

The hale o' life by His commands Was ordered to a body's hands; But see! this corpus juris stands By a' forgotten;

An' God's religion in a' lands Is deid an' rotten.

While thus the lave o' mankind's lost,
O' Scotland still God maks His boast—
Puir Scotland, on whose barren coast
A score or twa

Auld wives wi' mutches an' a hoast
Still keep His law.

In Scotland, a wheen canty, plain,
Douce kintry-leevin' folk retain
The Truth—or did so aince—alane
Of a' men leevin';
An' noo just twa o' them remain—
Just Begg an' Niven.

For noo, unfaithfü' to the Lord
Auld Scotland joins the rebel horde;
Her human hymn-books on the board
She noo displays:
An' Embro Hie Kirk's been restored
In popish ways.

O punctum temporis for action
To a' o' the reformin' faction,
If yet, by ony act or paction,
Thocht, word, or sermon,
This dark an' damnable transaction
Micht yet determine!

For see—as Doctor Begg explains— Hoo easy 't 's düne! a pickle weans, Wha in the Hie Street gaither stanes By his instruction, The uncovenantit, pentit panes Ding to destruction.

Up, Niven, or ower late—an' dash
Laigh in the glaur that carnal hash;
Let spires and pews wi' gran' stramash
Thegether fa';
The rumlin' kist o' whustles smash
In pieces sma'.

Noo choose ye out a walie hammer; About the knottit buttress clam'er; Alang the steep roof stoyt an' stammer,
A gate mis-chancy;
On the aul' spire, the bells' hie cha'mer.
Dance your bit dancie.

Ding, devel, dunt, destroy, an' ruin,
Wi' carnal stanes the square bestrewin',
Till your loud chaps frae Kyle to Fruin,
Frae hell to heeven,
Tell the guid work that baith are doin's

Tell the guid wark that baith are doin'— Baith Begg an' Niven.

## XII.

## THE SCOTSMAN'S RETURN FROM ABROAD.

(In a letter from Mr. Thomson to Mr. Johnstone.) In mony a foreign pairt I've been, An' mony an unco ferlie seen, Since, Mr. Johnstone, you and I Last walkit upon Cocklerye. Wi' gleg, observant een, I pass't By sea an' land, through East an' Wast, And still in ilka age an' station Saw naething but abomination. In thir uncovenantit lands The gangrel Scot uplifts his hands At lack of a' sectarian füsh'n, An' cauld religious destitution. He rins, puir man, frae place to place, Tries a' their graceless means o' grace, Preacher on preacher, kirk on kirk-This yin a stot an' thon a stirkA bletherin' clan, no warth a preen, As bad as Smith of Aiberdeen!

At last, across the weary faem,
Frae far, outlandish pairts I came.
On ilka side o' me I fand
Fresh tokens o' my native land.
Wi' whatna joy I hailed them a'—
The hilltaps standin' raw by raw,
The public house, the Hielan' birks,
And a' the bonny U. P. kirks!
But maistly thee, the bluid o' Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Grots,
The king o' drinks, as I conceive it,
Talisker, Isla, or Glenlivet!

For after years wi' a pockmantie
Frae Zanzibar to Alicante.
In mony a fash an' sair affliction
I gie 't as my sincere conviction—
Of a' their foreign tricks an' pliskies,
I maist abominate their whiskies.
Nae doot, themsel's, they ken it weel,
An' wi a hash o' leemon peel,

An' ice an' siccan filth, they ettle
The stawsome kind o' goo to settle;
Sic wersh apothecary's broos wi'
As Scotsmen scorn to fyle their moo's wi'.

An', man, I was a blithe hame-comer Whan first I syndit out my rummer. You should hae seen me then, wi' care The less important pairts prepare; Syne, weel contentit wi' it a' Pour in the speerits wi' a jaw! I didnae drink, I didnae speak—I only snowkit up the reek. I was sae pleased therein to paidle, I sat an' plowtered wi' my ladle.

An' blithe was I. the morrow's morn, To daunder through the stookit corn, And after a' my strange mishanters, Sit doun amang my ain dissenters. An' man, it was a joy to me The pu'pit an' the pews to see, The pennies dirlin' in the plate, The elders lookin' on in state;

An' 'mang the first, as it befell, Wha' should I see, sir, but yoursel'?

I was, and I will no deny it, ,
At the first gliff a hantle tryit
To see yoursel' in sic a station—
It seemed a doubtfü dispensation.
The feelin' was a mere digression;
For shüne I understood the session,
An' mindin' Aiken an' M'Neil,
I wondered they had düne sae weel.
I saw I had mysel' to blame;
For had I but remained at hame,
Aiblins—though no ava' deservin' 't—
They might hae named your humble servant.

The kirk was filled, the door was steeked;
Up to the pu'pit ance I keeked;
I was mair pleased than I can tell—
It was the minister himsel'!
Proud, proud was I to see his face,
After sae lang awa' frae grace.
Pleased as I was, I'm no denyin'
Some maitters were not edifyin';
For first I fand—an' here was news!—

Mere hymn-books cockin' in the pews—A humanized abomination,
Unfit for ony congregation.

Syne, while I still was on the tenter,
I scunnered at the new prezentor;
I thocht him gesterin' an' cauld—
A sair declension frae the auld.

Syne, as though a' the faith was wreckit,
The prayer was not what I'd exspeckit.

Himsel', as it appeared to me,
Was no the man he üsed to be.
But just as I was growin' vext
He waled a maist judeecious text,
An' launchin' into his prelections,
Swoopt, wi' a skirl, on a' defections.

O what a gale was on my speerit
To hear the p'ints o' doctrine clearit,
And a' the horrors o' damnation
Set furth wi' faithfü' ministration!
Nae shauchlin' testimony here—
We were a' damned, an' that was clear.
I owned, wi' gratitude an' wonder,
He was a pleisure to sit under.

### XIII.

LATE in the nicht in bed I lay,
The winds were at their weary play,
An' tirlin' wa's an' skirlin' wae
Through heev'n they battered;—

On-ding o' hail, on-blaff o' spray,

The tempest blattered.

The masoned house it dinled through; It dung the ship, it cowped the coo'; The rankit aiks it overthrew,

Had braved a' weathers;
The strang sea-gleds it took an' blew
Awa' like feathers.

The thraes o' fear on a' were shed,
An' the hair rose, an' slumber fled,
An' lichts were lit an' prayers were said
Through a' the kintry;
An' the cauld terror clum in bed
Wi' a' an' sindry.

To hear in the pit-mirk on hie
The brangled collieshangie flie,
The warl' they thocht, wi' land an' sea,
Itsel' wad cowpit;
An' for auld airn, the smashed debris
By God be rowpit.

Meanwhile frae far Aldeboran,
To folks wi' talescopes in han',
O' ships that cowpit, winds that ran,
Nae sign was seen,
But the wee warl' in sunshine span
As bricht 's a preen.

I, tae, by God's especial grace,
Dwall denty in a bieldy place
Wi' hosened feet, wi' shaven face,
Wi' dacent mainners:
A grand example to the race
O' tautit sinners!

The wind may blaw, the heathen rage, The deil may start on the rampage;— The sick in bed, the thief in cage—
What's a' to me?
Cosh in my house, a sober sage,
I sit an' see.

An' whiles the bluid spangs to my bree,
To lie sae saft, to live sae free,
While better men maun do an' die
In unco places.
"Whaur's God? I cry, an' "Whae is me
To hae sic graces?"

I mind the fecht the sailors keep,
But fire or can'le, rest or sleep,
In darkness an' the muckle deep;
An' mind beside
The herd that on the hills o' sheep
Has wandered wide.

I mind me on the hoastin' weans—
The penny joes on causey stanes—
The ald folk wi' the crazy banes,
Baith auld an' puir,

That aye maun thole the winds an' rains
An' labour sair.

An' whiles I'm kind o' pleased a blink,
An' kind o' fleyed forby, to think,
For a' my rowth o' meat an' drink
An' waste o' crumb,
I'll mebbe have to thole wi' skink
In Kingdom Come.

For God whan jowes the Judgment bell,
Wi' His ain Hand, His Leevin' Sel',
Sall ryve the guid (as Prophets tell)
Frae them that had it;
And in the reamin' pat o' hell,
The rich be scaddit.

O Lord, if this indeed be sae,
Let daw that sair an' happy day!
Again' the warl, grawn auld an' gray,
Up wi' your aixe!
An' let the puir enjoy their play—
I'll thole my paiks.

## XIV.

## MY CONSCIENCE.

Of a' the ills that flesh can fear,
The loss o' frien's, the lack o' gear,
A yowlin' tyke, a glandered mear,
A lassie's nonsense—
There's just ae thing I cannae bear,
An' that's my conscience.

Whan day (an' a' excüse) has gane,
An' wark is düne, an' duty's plain,
An' to my chalmer a' my lane
I creep apairt,
My conscience! hoo the yammerin' pain
Stends to my heart!

A' day wi' various ends in view
The hairsts o' time I had to pu',
An' made a hash wad staw a soo,
Let be a man!—

My conscience! whan my han's were fü', Whaur were ye than?

An' there was a' the lures o' life,
There pleasure skirlin' on the fife,
There anger, wi' the hotchin' knife
Ground shairp in hell—
My conscience!—you that's like a wife!—
Whar was yoursel'?

I ken it fine: just waitin' here,
To gar the evil waur appear,
To clart the guid, confüse the clear,
Mis-ca' the great,
My conscience! an' to raise a steer
Whan a's ower late.

Sic-like, some tyke grawn auld and blind,
Whan thieves brok' through the gear to p'ind,
Has lain his dozened length an' grinned
At the disaster;
An' the morn's mornin', wud's the wind,
Yokes on his master.

## XV.

## TO DOCTOR JOHN BROWN.

(Whan the dear doctor, dear to a'
Was still amang us here belaw,
I seb my pipes his praise to blaw
Wi' a' my speerit;
But noo, Dear Doctor, he's awa',
An' ne'er ca hear it.)

By Lyne and Tyne, by Thames and Tees,
By a' the various river-Dee's,
In Mars and Manors 'yont the seas
Or here at hame,
Whaure'er there's kindly folk to please,
They ken your name.

They ken your name, they ken your tyke,
They ken the honey from your byke;
But mebbe after a' your fyke,
(The truth to tell)

It's just your honest Rab they like, An' no yoursel'.

As at the gowff, some canny play'r
Should tee a common ba' wi' care—
Should flourish and deleever fair
His souple shintie—
An' the ba' rise into the air,
A leevin' lintie:

Sae in the game we writers play,
There comes to some a bonny day,
When a dear ferlie shall repay
Their years o' strife,
An' like your Rab, their things o' clay,
Spreid wings o' life.

Ye scarce deserved it, I'm afraid—You that had never learned the trade, But just some idle mornin' strayed
Into the schüle,
An' picked the fiddle up an' played
Like Neil himsel'.

Your e'e was gleg, your fingers dink;
Ye didna fash yoursel' to think,
But wove, as fast as puss can link,
Your denty web:—
Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
An' there was Rab!

Sinsyne, whaure'er your fortune lay
By dowie den, by canty brae.
Simmer an' winter, nicht an' day,
Rab was aye wi' ye;
An' a' the folk on a' the way
Were blithe to see ye.

O sir, the gods are kind indeed,
An' hauld ye for an honoured heid,
That for a wee bit clarkit screed
Sae weel reward ye,
'An' lend—puir Rabbie bein' deid—
His ghaist to guard ye.

For though, whaure'er yoursel' may be, We've just to turn an' glisk a wee, An' Rab at heel we're shure to see
Wi' gladsome caper:—
The bogle of a bogle, he—
A ghaist o' paper!

And as the auld farrand hero sees
In hell a bogle Hercules,
Pit there the lesser deid to please,
While he himsel'
Dwalls wi' the muckle gods at ease
Far raised frae hell:

Sae the true Rabbie far has gane
On kindlier business o' his ain
Wi' aulder frien's; an' his breist-bane
An' stumple tailie,
He birstles at a new hearth stane
By James and Aailie.

## XVI.

It's an overcome sooth for age an' youth
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld
And it's him that has bereft me;
For the sürest friends are the auldest friends
And the maist o' mine hae left me.

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends
And the grave's the place to seek them.

THE SONG OF RAHERO.

## TO ORI A ORI.

Ori, my brother in the island mode,
In every tongue and meaning much my friend,
This story of your country and your clan,
In your loved house, your too much honoured guest,
I made in English. Take it, being done;
And let me sign it with the name you gave.

TERIITERA.

# THE SONG OF RAHERO: A LEGEND OF TAHITI.

#### I. THE SLAYING OF TAMATEA.

IT fell in the days of old, as the men of Taiarapu tell,

A youth went forth to the fishing, and fortune favoured him well.

Tamatea his name: gullible, simple, and kind,

Comely of countenance, nimble of body, empty of mind,

His mother ruled him and loved him beyond the wont of a wife,

Serving the lad for eyes and living herself in his life,

Alone from the sea and the fishing came Tamatea the fair,

Urging his boat to the beach, and the mother awaited him there,

- —"Long may you live!" said she. "Your fishing has sped to a wish.
- And now let us choose for the king the fairest of all your fish.
- For fear inhabits the palace and grudging grows in the land,
- Marked is the sluggardly foot and marked the niggardly hand,
- The hours and the miles are counted, the tributes numbered and weighed,
- And woe to him that comes short, and woe to him that delayed!"
- So spoke on the beach the mother, and counselled the wiser thing.
- For Rahero stirred in the country and secretly mined the king.
- Nor were the signals wanting of how the leaven wrought,
- In the cords of obedience loosed and the tributes grudgingly brought.
- And when last to the temple of Oro the boat with the victim sped,

- And the priest uncovered the basket and looked on the face of the dead,
- Trembling fell upon all at sight of an ominous thing,
- For there was the aito¹: dead, and he of the house of the king.
- So spake on the beach the mother, matter worthy of note,
- And wattled a basket well, and chose a fish from the boat;
- And Tamatea the pliable shouldered the basket and went,
- And travelled, and sang as he travelled, a lad that was well content.
- Still the way of his going was round by the roaring coast,
- Where the ring of the reef is broke and the trades run riot the most.
- On his left, with smoke as of battle, the billows battered the land;
- Unscalable, turreted mountains rose on the inner hand.

- And cape, and village and river, and vale, and mountain above,
- Each had a name in the land for men to remember and love;
- And never the name of a place, but lo! a song in its praise:
- Ancient and unforgotten, songs of the earlier days,
- That the elders taught to the young, and at night, in the full of the moon,
- Garlanded boys and maidens sang together in tune.
- Tamatea the placable went with a lingering foot;
- He sang as loud as a bird, he whistled hoarse as a flute;
- He broiled in the sun, he breathed in the grateful shadow of trees,
- In the icy stream of the rivers he waded over the knees;
- And still in his empty mind crowded, a thousandfold,
- The deeds of the strong and the songs of the cunning heroes of old.

- And now was he come to a place Taiarapu honoured the most,
- Where a silent valley of woods debouched on the noisy coast,
- Spewing a level river. There was a haunt of Pai.2
- There, in his potent youth, when his parents drove him to die,
- Honoura lived like a beast, lacking the lamp and the fire,
- Washed by the rains of the trade and clotting his hair in the mire;
- And there, so mighty his hands, he bent the tree to his foot—
- So keen the spur of his hunger, he plucked it naked of fruit.
- There, as she pondered the clouds for the shadow of coming ills,
- Ahupu, the woman of song, walked on high on the hills.
- Of these was Rahero sprung, a man of a godly race;
- And inherited cunning of spirit and beauty of body and face.

- Of yore in his youth, as an aito, Rahero wandered the land,
- Delighting maids with his tongue, smiting men with his hand.
- Famous he was in his youth; but before the midst of his life
- Paused, and fashioned a song of farewell to glory and strife.
  - House of mine (it went), house upon the sea,
  - Belov'd of all my fathers, more belov'd by me! 60
  - Vale of the strong Honoura, deep ravine of Pai,
  - Again in your woody summits I hear the trade-wind cry.
  - House of mine, in your walls, strong sounds of the sea,
    - Of all sounds on earth, dearest sound to me.
    - I have heard the applause of men, I have heard it arise and die:
    - Sweeter now in my house I hear the trade wind cry.

- These were the words of his singing, other the thought of his heart;
- For secret desire of glory vexed him, dwelling apart.
- Lazy and crafty he was, and loved to lie in the sun,
- And loved the cackle of talk and the true word uttered in fun;
- Lazy he was, his roof was ragged, his table was lean,
- And the fish swam safe in his sea, and he gathered the near and the green.
- He sat in his house and laughed, but he loathed the king of the land,
- And he uttered the grudging word under the covering hand.
- Treason spread from his door; and he looked for a day to come,
- A day of the crowding people, a day of the summoning drum,
- When the vote should be taken, the king be driven forth in disgrace,
- And Rahero, the laughing and lazy, sit and rule in his place.

- Here Tamatea came, and beheld the house on the brook;
- And Rahero was there by the way and covered an oven to cook,3 80
- Naked he was to the loins, but the tattoo covered the lack,
- And the sun and the shadow of palms dappled his muscular back.
- Swiftly he lifted his head at the fall of the coming feet,
- And the water sprang in his mouth with a sudden desire of meat;
- For he marked the basket carried, covered from flies and the sun;
- And Rahero buried his fire, but the meat in his house was done.
- Forth he stepped; and took, and delayed the boy, by the hand;
- And vaunted the joys of meat and the ancient ways of the land:
- —"Our sires of old in Taiarapu, they that created the race,

- Ate ever with eager hand, nor regarded season or place
- Ate in the boat at the oar, on the way afoot; and at night
- Arose in the midst of dreams to rummage the house for a bite.
- It is good for the youth in his turn to follow the way of the sire;
- And behold how fitting the time! for here do
  I cover my fire."
- —"I see the fire for the cooking but never the meat to cook,"
- Said Tamatea.—"Tut!" said Rahero. "Here in the brook
- And there in the tumbling sea, the fishes are thick as flies,
- Hungry like healthy men, and like pigs for sayour and size:
- Crayfish crowding the river, sea-fish thronging the sea."
- —"Well it may be," says the other, "and yet be nothing to me.
- Fain would I eat, but alas! I have needful matter in hand,

Since I carry my tribute of fish to the jealous king of the land."

Now at the word a light sprang in Rahero's eyes. "I will gain me a dinner," thought he, "and lend the king a surprise."

And he took the lad by the arm, as they stood by the side of the track,

And smiled, and rallied, and flattered, and pushed him forward and back.

It was "You that sing like a bird, I never have heard you sing,"

And "The lads when I was a lad were none so feared of a king.

And of what account is an hour, when the heart is empty of guile?

But come, and sit in the house and laugh with the women awhile;

And I will but drop my hook, and behold! the dinner made."

So Tamatea the pliable hung up his fish in the shade

- On a tree by the side of the way; and Rahero carried him in,
- Smiling as smiles the fowler when flutters the bird to the gin,
- And chose him a shining hook,<sup>5</sup> and viewed it with sedulous eye,
- And breathed and burnished it well on the brawn of his naked thigh,
- And set a mat for the gull, and bade him be merry and bide,
- Like a man concerned for his guest, and the fishing, and nothing beside.
- Now when Rahero was forth, he paused and hearkened, and heard
- The gull jest in the house and the women laugh at his word;
- And stealthily crossed to the side of the way to the shady place
- Where the basket hung on a mango; and craft transfigured his face.
- Deftly he opened the basket, and took of the fat of the fish,

The cut of kings and chieftains, enough for a goodly dish.

This he wrapped in a leaf, set on the fire to cook And buried; and next the marred remains of the tribute he took,

- And doubled and packed them well, and covered the basket close
- —"There is a buffet, my king," quoth he, "and a nauseous dose!"—
- And hung the basket again in the shade, in a cloud of flies
- —"And there is a sauce to your dinner, king of the crafty eyes!"
- Soon as the oven was open, the fish smelt excellent good.
- In the shade, by the house of Rahero, down they sat to their food,
- And cleared the leaves in silence, or uttered a jest and laughed,
- And raising the cocoanut bowls, buried their faces and quaffed.

- But chiefly in silence they ate; and soon as the meal was done,
- Rahero feigned to remember and measured the hour by the sun,
- And "Tamatea," quoth he, "it is time to be jogging, my lad."
- So Tamatea arose, doing ever the thing he was bade,
- And carelessly shouldered the basket, and kindly saluted his host;
- And again the way of his going was round by the roaring coast.
- Long he went; and at length was aware of a pleasant green,
- And the stems and shadows of palms, and roofs of lodges between.
- There sate, in the door of his palace, the king on a kingly seat,
- And aitos stood armed around, and the yottowas<sup>7</sup> sat at his feet.
- But fear was a worm in his heart: fear darted his eyes;

- And he probed men's faces for treasons and pondered their speech for lies.
- To him came Tamatea, the basket slung in his hand,
- And paid him the due obeisance standing as vassals stand.
- In silence hearkened the king, and closed the eyes in his face,
- Harbouring odious thoughts and the baseless fears of the base; 150
- In silence accepted the gift and sent the giver away.
- So Tamatea departed, turning his back on the day.
- And lo! as the king sat brooding, a rumour rose in the crowd;
- The yottowas nudged and whispered, the commons murmured aloud;
- Tittering fell upon all at sight of the impudent thing,
- At the sight of a gift unroyal flung in the face of a king.

- And the face of the king turned white and red with anger and shame
- In their midst; and the heart in his body was water and then was flame;
- Till of a sudden, turning, he gripped an aito hard,
- A youth that stood with his omare,8 one of the daily guard,
- And spat in her ear a command, and pointed and uttered a name,
- And hid in the shade of the house his impotent anger and shame.
- Now Tamatea the fool was far on the homeward way,
- The rising night in his face, behind him the dying day.
- Rahero saw him go by, and the heart of Rahero was glad,
- Devising shame to the king and nowise harm to the lad;
- And all that dwelt by the way saw and saluted him well,

- For he had the face of a friend and the news of the town to tell;
- And pleased with the notice of folk, and pleased that his journey was done,
- Tamatea drew homeward, turning his back to the sun.
- And now was the hour of the bath in Taiarapu:

  far and near
- The lovely laughter of bathers rose and delighted his ear.
- Night massed in the valleys; the sun on the mountain coast
- Struck, end-long; and above the clouds embattled their host,
- And glowed and gloomed on the heights; and the heads of the palms were gems,
- And far to the rising eve extended the shade of their stems;
- And the shadow of Tamatea hovered already at home.
- And sudden the sound of one coming and running light as the foam

- Struck on his ear; and he turned, and lo! a man on his track,
- Girded and armed with an omare, following hard at his back.
- At a bound the man was upon him;—and, or ever a word was said,
- The loaded end of the omare fell and laid him dead.

## II. THE VENGING OF TAMATEA.

- Thus was Rahero's treason; thus and no further it sped.
- The king sat safe in his place and a kindly fool was dead.
- But the mother of Tamatea arose with death in her eyes.
- All night long, and the next, Taiarapu rang with her cries.
- As when a babe in the wood turns with a chill of doubt
- And perceives nor home, nor friends, for the trees have closed her about,

The mountain rings and her breast is torn with the voice of despair:

So the lion-like woman idly wearied the air 190 For awhile, and pierced men's hearing in vain, and wounded their hearts.

But as when the weather changes at sea, in dangerous parts,

And sudden the hurricane wrack unrolls up the front of the sky,

At once the ship lies idle, the sails hang silent on high,

The breath of the wind that blew is blown out like the flame of a lamp,

And the silent armies of death draw near with inaudible tramp:

So sudden, the voice of her weeping ceased; in silence she rose

And passed from the house of her sorrow, a woman clothed with repose,

Carrying death in her breast and sharpening death with her hand.

Hither she went and thither in all the coasts of the land.

- They tell that she feared not to slumber alone, in the dead of night,
- In accursed places; beheld, unblenched, the ribbon of light<sup>9</sup>
- Spin from temple to temple; guided the perilous skiff,
- Abhorred not the paths of the mountain and trod the verge of the cliff;
- From end to end of the island, thought not the distance long,
- But forth from king to king carried the tale of her wrong.
- To king after king, as they sat in the palace door, she came,
- Claiming kinship, declaiming verses, naming her name
- And the names of all of her fathers; and still, with a heart on the rack,
- Jested to capture a hearing and laughed when they jested back;
- So would deceive them awhile, and change and return in a breath,
- And on all the men of Vaiau imprecate instant death;

- And tempt her kings—for Vaiau was a rich and prosperous land,
- And flatter—for who would attempt it but warriors mighty of hand?
- And change in a breath again and rise in a strain of song,
- Invoking the beaten drums, beholding the fall of the strong,
- Calling the fowls of the air to come and feast on the dead.
- And they held the chin in silence, and heard her, and shook the head;
- For they knew the men of Taiarapu famous in battle and feast,
- Marvellous eaters and smiters: the men of Vaiau not least.
- To the land of the Namunu-ura, 10 to Paea, at length she came,
- To men who were foes to the Tevas and hated their race and name.
- There was she well received, and spoke with Hiopa the king.<sup>11</sup>

- And Hiopa listened, and weighed, and wisely considered the thing.
- "Here in the back of the isle we dwell in a sheltered place,"
- Quoth he to the woman, "in quiet, a weak and peaceable race.
- But far in the teeth of the wind lofty Taiarapu lies;
- Strong blows the wind of the trade on its seaward face, and cries
- Aloud in the top of arduous mountains, and utters its song
- In green continuous forests. Strong is the wind, and strong
- And fruitful and hardy the race, famous in battle and feast,
- Marvellous eaters and smiters: the men of Vaiau not least.
- Now hearken to me, my daughter, and hear a word of the wise:
- How a strength goes linked with a weakness, two by two, like the eyes.
- They can wield the omare well and cast the javelin far;

- Yet are they greedy and weak as the swine and the children are.
- Plant we, then, here at Paea, a garden of excellent fruits;
- Plant we bananas and kava, and taro, the king of roots;
- Let the pigs in Paea be tapu<sup>12</sup> and no man fish for a year;
- And of all the meat in Tahiti gather we three-fold here.
- So shall the fame of our plenty fill the island, and so,
- At last, on the tongue of rumour, go where we wish it to go.
- Then shall the pigs of Taiarapu raise their snouts in the air;
- But we sit quiet and wait, as the fowler sits by the snare,
- And tranquilly fold our hands, till the pigs come nosing the food:
- But meanwhile build us a house of Trotea, the stubborn wood,

- Bind it with incombustible thongs, set a roof to the room,
- Too strong for the hands of man to dissever or fire to consume;
- And there, when the pigs come trotting, there shall the feast be spread,
- There shall the eye of the morn enlighten the feasters dead.
- So be it done; for I have a heart that pities your state,
- And Nateva and Namunu-ura are fire and water for hate."
- All was done as he said, and the gardens prospered; and now
- The fame of their plenty went out, and word of it came to Vaiau.
- For the men of Namunu-ura sailed, to the winward far,
- Lay in the offing by south where the towns of the Tevas are.
- And cast overboard of their plenty; and lo! at the Tevas' feet

- The surf on all of the beaches tumbled treasures of meat.
- In the salt of the sea, a harvest tossed with the refluent foam;
- And the children gleaned it in playing, and ate and carried it home; 260
- And the elders stared and debated, and wondered and passed the jest,
- But whenever a guest came by eagerly questioned the guest;
- And little by little, from one another, the word went round:
- "In all the borders of Paea the victual rots on the ground,
- And swine are plenty as rats. And row, when they fare to the sea,
- The men of Namunu-ura glean from under the tree
- And load the canoe to the gunwale with all that is toothsome to eat;
- And all day long on the sea the jaws are crushing the meat,
- The steersman eats at the helm, the rowers munch at the oar,

- And at length, when their bellies are full, overboard with the store!" 270
- Now was the word made true, and soon as the bait was bare,
- All the pigs of Taiarapu raised their snouts in the air.
- Songs were recited, and kinship was counted, and tales were told
- How war had severed of late but peace had cemented of old
- The clans of the island. "To war," said they, "now set we and end,
- And hie to the Namunu-ura even as a friend to a friend."
- So judged, and a day was named; and soon as the morning broke,
- Canoes were thrust in the seat and the houses emptied of folk.
- Strong blew the wind of the south, the wind that gathers the clan;
- Along all the line of the reef the clamorous surges ran; 280

And the clouds were piled on the top of the island mountain-high,

A mountain throned on a mountain. The fleet of canoes swept by

In the midst, on the green lagoon, with a crew released from care,

Sailing an even water, breathing a summer air,

Cheered by a cloudless sun; and ever to left and right,

Bursting surge on the reef, drenching storms on the height.

So the folk of Vaiau sailed and were glad all day,

Coasting the palm-tree cape and crossing the populous bay

By all the towns of the Tevas; and still as they bowled along,

Boat would answer to boat with jest and laughter and song,

And the people of all the towns trooped to the sides of the sea

And gazed from under the hand or sprang aloft on the tree,

- Hailing and cheering. Time failed them for more to do;
- The holiday village careened to the wind, and was gone from view
- Swift as a passing bird; and ever as onward it bore,
- Like the cry of the passing bird, bequeathed its song to the shore—
- Desirable laughter of maids and the cry of delight of the child.
- And the gazer, left behind, stared at the wake and smiled.
- By all the towns of Tevas they went, and Papara last,
- The home of the chief, the place of muster in war; and passed
- The march of the lands of the clan, to the lands of an alien folk.
- And there, from the dusk of the shoreside palms, a column of smoke
- Mounted and wavered and died in the gold of the setting sun,

- "Paea!" they cried. "It is Paea." And so was the voyage done.
- In the early fall of the night, Hiopa came to the shore,
- And beheld and counted the comers, and lo, they were forty score:
- The pelting feet of the babes that ran already and played,
- The clean-lipped smile of the boy, the slender breasts of the maid,
- And mighty limbs of women, stalwart mothers of men.
- The sires stood forth unabashed; but a little back from his ken 310
- Clustered the scarcely nubile, the lads and maids, in a ring,
- Fain of each other, afraid of themselves, aware of the king
- And aping behaviour, but clinging together with hands and eyes,
- With looks that were kind like kisses, and laughter tender as sighs.

- There, too, the grandsire stood, raising his silver crest,
- And the impotent hands of a suckling groped in his barren breast.
- The childhood of love, the pair well married, the innocent brood,
- The tale of the generations repeated and ever renewed—
- Hiopa beheld them together, all the ages of man.

  And a moment shook in his purpose.

  320

But these were the foes of his clan,

- And he trod upon pity, and came, and civilly greeted the king,
- And gravely entreated Rahero; and for all that could fight or sing,
- And claimed a name in the land, had fitting phrases of praise;
- But with all who were well-descended he spoke of the ancient days.
- And "Tis true," said he, "that in Paea the victual rots on the ground;

- But, friends, your number is many; and pigs must be hunted and found,
- And the lads troop to the mountains to bring the feis down,
- And around the bowls of the kava cluster the maids of the town.
- So, for to-night, sleep here; but king, common, and priest 330
- To-morrow, in order due, shall sit with me in the feast."
- Sleepless the live-long night, Hiopa's followers toiled.
- The pigs screamed and were slaughtered; the spars of the guest-house oiled,
- The leaves spread on the floor. In many a mountain glen
- The moon drew shadows of trees on the naked bodies of men
- Plucking and bearing fruits; and in all the bounds of the town
- Red glowed cocoanut fires, and were buried and trodden down.
- Thus did seven of the yottowas toil with their tale of the clan,

- But the eighth wrought with his lads, hid from the sight of man,
- In the deeps of the woods they laboured, piling the fuel high
- In faggots, the load of a man, fuel seasoned and dry,
- Thirsty to seize upon fire and apt to blurt into flame.
- And now was the day of the feast. The forests, as morning came,
- Tossed in the wind, and the peaks quaked in the blaze of the day
- And the cocoanuts showered on the ground, rebounding and rolling away:
- A glorious morn for a feast, a famous wind for a fire.
- To the hall of feasting Hiopa led them, mother and sire
- And maid and babe in a tale, the whole of the holiday throng.
- Smiling the came, garlanded green, not dreaming of wrong;

- And for every three, a pig, tenderly cooked in the ground,
  350
- Waited; and fei, the staff of life, heaped in a mound
- For each where he sat; for each, bananas roasted and raw
- Piled with a bountiful hand, as for horses hay and straw
- Are stacked in a stable; and fish, the food of desire, 13
- And plentiful vessels of sauce, and breadfruit gilt in the fire;—
- And kava was common as water. Feasts have there been ere now,
- And many, but never a feast like that of the folk of Vaiau.
- All day long they ate with the resolute greed of brutes,
- And turned from the pigs to the fish, and again from the fish to the fruits,
- And emptied the vessels of sauce, and drank of the kava deep; 360

- Till the young lay stupid as stones, and the strongest nodded to sleep.
- Sleep that was mighty as death and blind as a moonless night
- Tethered them hand and foot; and their souls were drowned, and the light
- Was cloaked from their eyes. Senseless together, the old and the young,
- The fighter deadly to smite and the prater cunning of tongue,
- The woman wedded and fruitful, inured to the pangs of birth,
- And the maid that knew not of kisses, blindly sprawled on the earth.
- From the hall Hiopa the king and his chiefs came stealthily forth.
- Already the sun hung low and enlightened the peaks of the north;
- But the wind was stubborn to die and blew as it blows at morn,

  370
- Showering the nuts in the dusk, and e'en as a banner is torn,

- High on the peaks of the island, shattered the mountain cloud.
- And now at once, at a signal, a silent, emulous crowd
- Set hands to the work of death, hurrying to and fro,
- Like ants, to furnish the faggots, building them broad and low,
- And piling them high and higher around the walls of the hall.
- Silence persisted within, for sleep lay heavy on all.
- But the mother of Tamatea stood at Hiopa's side, And shook for terror and joy like a girl that is a bride.
- Night fell on the toilers, and first Hiopa the wise Made the round of the house, visiting all with his eyes;

  380
- And all was piled to the eaves, and fuel blockaded the door;
- And within, in the house beleaguered, slumbered the forty score.

- Then was an aito despatched and came with fire in his hand,
- And Hiopa took it.—"Within," said he, "is the life of a land!
- And behold! I breathe on the coal, I breathe on the dales of the east,
- And silence falls on forest and shore; the voice of the feast
- Is quenched, and the smoke of cooking; the rooftree decays and falls
- On the empty lodge, and the winds subvert deserted walls."
- Therewithal, to the fuel, he laid the glowing coal; And the redness ran in the mass and burrowed within like a mole,
- And copious smoke was conceived. But, as when a dam is to burst,
- The water lips it and crosses in silver trickles at first,
- And then, of a sudden, whelms and bears it away forthright:

- So now, in a moment, the flame sprang and towered in the night,
- And wrestled and roared in the wind, and high over house and tree,
- Stood, like a streaming torch, enlightening land and sea.
- But the mother of Tamatea threw her arms abroad,
- "Pyre of my son," she shouted, "debited vengeance of God,
- Late, late, I behold you, yet I behold you at last,
- And glory, beholding! For now are the days of my agony past,
- The lust that famished my soul now eats and drinks its desire,
- And they that encompassed my son shrivel alive in the fire.
- Tenfold precious the vengeance that comes after lingering years!
- Ye quenched the voice of my singer?—hark, in your dying ears,

- The song of the conflagration! Ye left me a widow alone?
- —Behold, the whole of your race consumes, sinew and bone
- And torturing flesh together: man, mother, and maid
- Heaped in a common shambles; and already, borne by the trade,
- The smoke of your dissolution darkens the stars of night."
- Thus she spoke, and her stature grew in the people's sight.

## III. RAHERO.

- Rahero was there in the hall, asleep; beside him his wife,
- Comely, a mirthful woman, one that delighted in life;
- And a girl that was ripe for marriage, shy and sly as a mouse;
- And a boy, a climber of trees: all the hopes of his house.

- Unwary, with open hands, he slept in the midst of his folk,
- And dreamed that he heard a voice crying without, and awoke,
- Leaping blindly afoot like one from a dream that he fears.
- A hellish glow and clouds were about him;— it roared in his ears
- Like the sound of the cataract fall that plunges sudden and steep; 420
- And Rahero swayed as he stood, and his reason was still asleep.
- Now the flame struck hard on the house, windwielded, a fracturing blow,
- And the end of the roof was burst and fell on the sleepers below;
- And the loftly hall, and the feast, and the prostrate bodies of folk,
- Shone red in his eyes a moment, and then were swallowed of smoke.
- In the mind of Rahero clearness came; and he opened his throat;
- And as when a squall comes sudden, the straining sail of a boat

- Thunders aloud and bursts, so thundered the voice of the man.
- —"The wind and the rain!"—he shouted, the mustering word of the clan,14
- And "Up!" and "To arms, men of Vaiau!" But silence replied,
- Or only the voice of the gusts of the fire, and nothing beside.
- Rahero stooped and groped. He handled his womankind,
- But the fumes of the fire and the kava had quenched the life of their mind,
- And they lay like pillars prone; and his hand encountered the boy,
- And there sprang in the gloom of his soul a sudden lightning of joy.
- "Him can I save!" he thought, "if J were speedy enough."
- And he loosened the cloth from his loins, and swaddled the child in the stuff;
- And about the strength of his neck he knotted the burden well.

- There where the roof had fallen, it roared like the mouth of hell.
- Thither Rahero went, stumbling on senseless folk, 440
- And grappled a post of the house, and began to climb in the smoke:
- The last alive of Vaiau: and the son borne by the sire.
- The post glowed in the grain with ulcers of eating fire,
- And the fire bit to the blood and mangled his hands and thighs;
- And the fumes sang in his head like wine and stung in his eyes;
- And still he climbed, and came to the top, the place of proof,
- And thrust a hand through the flame and clambered to the roof.
- But even as he did so, the wind, in a garment of flames and pain,
- Wrapped him from head to heel; and the waistcloth parted in twain;
- And the living fruit of his loins dropped in the fire below.

  450

- About the blazing feast-house clustered the eyes of the foe,
- Watching, hand upon weapon, lest ever a soul should flee,
- Shading the brow from the glare, straining the neck to see.
- Only, to leeward, the flames in the wind swept far and wide,
- And the forest sputtered on fire; and there might no man abide.
- Thither Rahero crept, and dropped from the burning eaves,
- And crouching low to the ground, in a treble covert of leaves
- And fire and volleying smoke, ran for the life of his soul
- Unseen; and behind him, under a furnace of ardent coal,
- Cairned with a wonder of flame, and blotting the night with smoke,

  460
- Blazed and were smelted together the bones of all his folk.

- He fled unguided at first; but hearing the breakers roar,
- Thitherward shaped his way, and came at length to the shore.
- Sound-limbed he was: dry-eyed; but smarted in every part;
- And the mighty cage of his ribs heaved on his straining heart
- With sorrow and rage. And "Fools!" he cried, "fools of Vaiau,
- Heads of swine—gluttons—Alas! and where are they now?
- Those that I played with, those that nursed me, those that I nursed?
- God, and I outliving them! I, the least and the worst—
- I, that though myself crafty, snared by this herd of swine, 470
- In the tortures of hell and desolate, stripped of all that was mine:
- All! my friends and my fathers the silver heads of yore
- That trooped to the council, the children that ran to the open door

Crying with innocent voices and clasping a father's knees!

And mine, my wife—my daughter—my sturdy climber of trees,

Ah, never to climb again!"

Thus in the dusk of the night, (For clouds rolled in the sky and the moon was swallowed from sight,)

Pacing and gnawing his fists, Rahero raged by the shore.

Vengeance: that must be his. But much was to do before; 480

And first a single life to be snatched from a deadly place,

A life, the root of revenge, surviving plant of the race:

And next the race to be raised anew, and the lands of the clan

Repeopled. So Rahéro designed, a prudent man Even in wrath, and turned for the means of revenge and escape:

A boat to be seized by stealth, a wife to be taken by rape.

- Still was the dark lagoon; beyond on the coral wall,
- He saw the breakers shine, he heard them bellow and fall.
- Alone, on the top of the reef, a man with a flaming brand
- Walked, gazing and pausing, a fish-spear poised in his hand.
- The foam boiled to his calf when the mightier breakers came,
- And the torch shed in the wind scattering tufts of flame.
- Afar on the dark lagoon a canoe lay idly at wait:
- A figure dimly guiding it: surely the fisher-man's mate.
- Rahéro saw and he smiled. He straightened his mighty thews:
- Naked, with never a weapon, and covered with scorch and bruise,
- He straightened his arms, he filled the void of his body with breath,
- And, strong as the wind in his manhood, doomed the fisher to death.

- Silent he entered the water, and silently swam, and came
- There where the fisher walked, holding on high the flame.
- Loud on the pier of the reef volleyed the breach of the sea;
- And hard at the back of the man Rahéro crept to his knee
- On the coral, and suddenly sprang and seized him, the elder hand
- Clutching the joint of his throat, the other snatching the brand
- Ere it had time to fall, and holding it steady and high.
- Strong was the fisher, brave, and swift of mind and of eye—
- Strongly he threw in the clutch; but Rahero resisted the strain,
- And jerked, and the spine of life snapped with a crack in twain,
- And the man came slack in his hands and tumbled a lump at his feet.

- One moment: and there, on the reef, where the breakers whitened and beat, 510
- Rahero was standing alone, glowing and scorched and bare,
- A victor unknown of any, raising the torch in the air.
- But once he drank of his breath, and instantly set him to fish
- Like a man intent upon supper at home and a savoury dish.
- For what should the woman have seen? A man with a torch—and then
- A moment's blur of the eyes—and a man with a torch again.
- And the torch had scarcely been shaken. "Ah, surely," Rahero said,
- "She will deem it a trick of the eyes, a fancy born in the head;
- But time must be given the fool to nourish a fool's belief."
- So for a while, a sedulous fisher, he walked the reef,
- Pausing at times and gazing, striking at times with the spear;

- —Lastly, uttered the call; and even as the boat drew near,
- Like a man that was done with its use, tossed the torch in the sea.
- Lightly he leaped on the boat beside the woman; and she
- Lightly addressed him, and yielded the paddle and place to sit;
- For now the torch was extinguished the night was black as the pit.
- Rahero set him to row, never a word he spoke,
- And the boat sang in the water, urged by his vigorous stroke.
- —"What ails you?" the woman asked, "and why did you drop the brand?
- We have only to kindle another as soon as we come to land."
- Never a word Rahero replied, but urged the canoe.
- And a chill fell on the woman.—"Atta! speak! is it you?
- Speak! Why are you silent? Why do you bend aside?

- Wherefore steer to the seaward?" thus she panted and cried.
- Never a word from the oarsman ,toiling there in the dark;
- But right for a gate of the reef he silently headed the bark,
- And wielding the single paddle with passionate sweep on sweep,
- Drove her, the little fitted, forth on the open deep.
- And fear, there where she sat, froze the woman to stone:
- Not fear of the crazy boat and the weltering deep alone; 540
- But a keener fear of the night, the dark, and the ghostly hour,
- And the thing that drove the canoe with more than a mortal's power
- And more than a mortal's boldness. For much she knew of the dead
- That haunt and fish upon reefs, toiling, like men, for bread,

And traffic with human fishes, or slay them and take their ware,

Till the hour when the star of the dead<sup>15</sup> goes down, and the morning air

Blows, and the cocks are singing on shore.

And surely she knew

The speechless thing at her side belonged to the grave. 16

## It blew

All night from the south; all night, Rahéro contended and kept

The prow to the cresting sea; and, silent as though she slept, 550

The woman huddled and quaked. And now was the peep of day.

High and long on their left the mountainous island lay;

And over the peaks of Taiárapu arrows of sunlight struck.

On shore the birds were beginning to sing: the ghostly ruck

Of the buried had long ago returned to the covered grave;

- And here on the sea, the woman, waxing suddenly brave,
- Turned her swiftly about and looked in the face of the man.
- And sure he was none that she know, none of her country or clan:
- A stranger, mother-naked, and marred with the marks of fire,
- But comely and great of stature, a man to obey and admire.
- And Rahéro regarded her also, fixed, with a frowning face,
- Judging the woman's fitness to mother a warlike race.
- Broad of shoulder, ample of girdle, long in the thigh,
- Deep of bosom she was, and bravely supported his eye.
- "Woman," said he, "last night the men of your folk-
- Man, woman, and maid, smothered my race in smoke.

- It was done like cowards; and I, a mighty man of my hands,
- Escaped, a single life; and now to the empty
- And smokeless hearths of my people, sail, with yourself, alone.
- Before your mother was born, the die of today was thrown 570
- And you selected:—your husband, vainly striving, to fall
- Broken between these hands:—yourself to be severed from all,
- The places, the people, you love—home, kindred, and clan—
- And to dwell in a desert and bear the babes of a kinless man."

## NOTES TO THE SONG OF RAHERO.

INTRODUCTION.—This tale, of which I have not consciously changed a single feature, I received from tradition. It is highly popular through all the country of the eight Tevas, the clan to which Rahéro belonged; and particularly in Taiárapu, the windward peninsula of Tahiti, where he lived. I have heard from end to end two versions; and as many as five different persons have helped me with details. There seems no reason why the tale should not be true.

Note I, verse 22. "The aito," quasi champion, or brave. One skilled in the use of some weapon, who wandered the country challenging distinguished rivals and taking part in local quarrels. It was in the natural course of his advancement to be at last employed by a chief, or king; and it would then be a part of his duties to purvey the victim for sacrifice. One of the doomed families was indicated; the aito took his weapon and went forth alone; a little behind him bearers followed with the sacrificial basket. Sometimes the victim showed fight, sometimes prevailed; more often, without doubt, he fell. But whatever body was found, the bearers indifferently took up.

Note 2, verses 45 et seq. "Pai," "Honoura," and "Ahupu." Legendary persons of Tahiti, all natives of Taiárapu. Of the two first, I have collected singular although imperfect legends, which I hope soon to lay before the public in another place. Of Ahupu, except in

snatches of song, little memory appears to linger. She dwelt at least about Tepari,-"the sea-cliffs."-the eastern fastness of the isle; walked by paths known only to herself upon the mountains; was courted by dangerous suitors who came swimming from adjacent islands, and defended and rescued (as I gather) by the lovalty of native fish. My anxiety to learn more of "Ahupu Vehine" became (during my stay in Taiárapu) a cause of some diversion to that mirthful people, the inhabitants

Note 3, verse 80. "Covered an oven." The cooking fire is made in a hole in the ground, and is then buried.

Note 4, verse 85, "Flies." This is perhaps an anachronism. Even speaking of to-day in Tahiti, the phrase would have to be understood as referring mainly to mosquitoes, and these only in watered valleys with close woods, such as I suppose to form the surroundings of Rahéro's homestead. Quarter of a mile away, where the air moves freely, you shall look in vain for one,

Note 5, verse 115. "Hook" of mother-of-pearl. Brighthook fishing, and that with the spear, appear to be the favourite native methods

Note 6, verse 133. "Leaves," the plates of Tahiti.

Note 7, verse 144. "Yottowas," so spelt for convenience of pronunciation, quasi Tacksmen in the Scottish Highlands. The organization of eight sub-districts and eight vottowas to a division, which was in use (until vesterday) among the Tevas, I have attributed without authority to the next clan: see verses 341-2.

Note 8, verse 160. "Omare," pronounce as a dactyl. A loaded quarter-staff, one of the two favourite weapons of the Tahitian brave; the javelin, or casting spear, was the other.

Note 9, verse 202. "The ribbon of light." Still to be seen (and heard) spinning from one marae to another on Tahiti; or so I have it upon evidence that would rejoice the Psychical Society.

Note 10, verse 221. "Namunu-ura." The complete name is Namunu-ura te aropa. Why it should be pronounced Námunu, dactyllically, I cannot see, but so I have always heard it. This was the clan immediately beyond the Tevas on the south coast of the island. At the date of the tale the clan organization must have been very weak. There is no particular mention of Támatéa's mother going to Papara, to the head chief of her own clan, which would appear her natural recourse. On the other hand, she seems to have visited various lesser chiefs among the Tevas, and these to have excused themselves solely on the danger of the enterprise. The broad distinction here drawn between Nateva and Námunu-úra is therefore not impossibly anachronistic.

Note II, verse 223. "Hiopa the king." Hiopa was really the name of the king (chief) of Vaiau; but I could never learn that of the king of Paea—pronounce to rhyme with the Indian ayah—and I gave the name where it was most needed. This note much appear otiose indeed to readers who have never heard of either of these two gentlemen; and perhaps there is only one person in the world capable at once of reading my verses and spying the inaccuracy. For him, for Mr. Tati Salmon, hereditary high chief of the Tevas, the note is solely written: a small attention from a clansman to his chief.

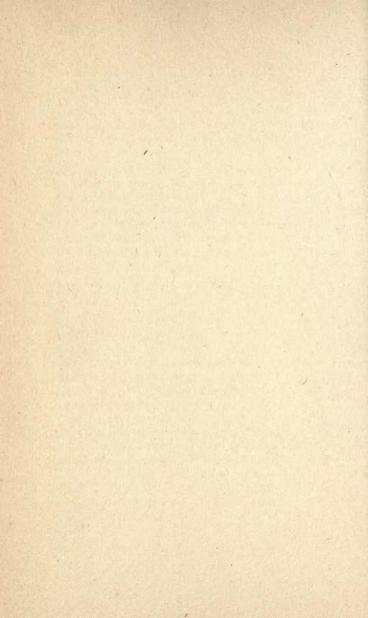
Note 12, verse 239. "Let the pigs be tapu." It is impossible to explain tapu in a note; we have it as an English word, taboo. Suffice it, that a thing which was tabu must not be touched, nor a place that was tabu visited

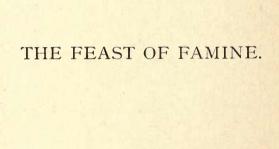
Note 13, verse 354. "Fish, the food of desire." There is a special word in the Tahitian language to signify hungering after fish. I may remark that here is one of my chief difficulties about the whole story. How did king, commons, women, and all come to eat together at . this feast? But it troubled none of my numerous authorities; so there must certainly be some natural explanation.

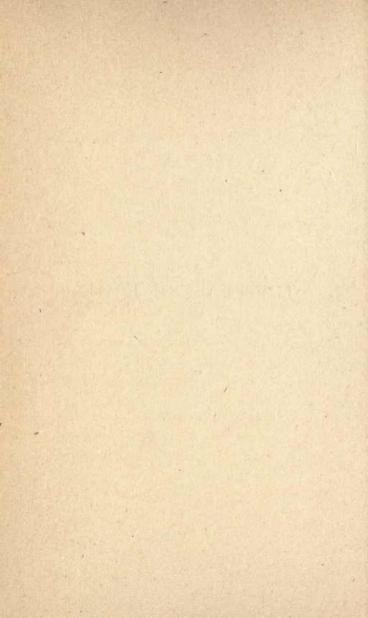
Note 14, verse 429. "The mustering word of the clan."

Teva te ua, Teva te matai! Teva the wind. Teva the rain!

Note 15, verse 546. Note 16, verse 548. "The star of the dead." Venus as a morning star. I have collected much curious evidence as to this belief. The dead retain their taste for a fish diet, enter into copartnery with living fishers, and haunt the reef and the lagoon. The conclusion attributed to the nameless lady of the legend would be reached to-day, under the like circumstances, by ninety per cent of Polynesians; and here I probably understate by one-tenth.







# THE FEAST OF FAMINE: MARQUESAN MANNERS.

# I. THE PRIEST'S VIGIL.

- In all the land of the tribe was neither fish nor fruit,
- And the deepest pit of popoi stood empty to the foot.<sup>1</sup>
- The clans upon the left and the clans upon the right
- Now oiled their carven maces and scoured their daggers bright;
- They gat them to the thicket, to the deepest of the shade,
- And lay with sleepless eyes in the deadly ambuscade.
- And oft in the starry even the song of morning rose,
- What time the oven smoked in the country of their foes;

For oft to loving hearts, and waiting ears and sight,

The lads that went to forage returned not with the night.

Now first the children sickened, and then the women paled

And the great arms of the warrior no more for war availed.

Hushed was the deep drum, discarded was the dance;

And those that met the priest now glanced at him askance.

The priest was a man of years, his eyes were ruby-red,<sup>2</sup>

He neither feared the dark nor the terrors of the dead,

He knew the songs of races, the names of ancient date;

And the beard upon his bosom would have bought the chief's estate.

He dwelt in a high-built lodge, hard by the roaring shore,

Raised on a noble terrace and with tikis<sup>3</sup> at the door.

- Within it was full of riches, for he served his nation well.
- And full of the sound of breakers, like the hollow of a shell.
- For weeks he let them perish, gave never a helping sign,
- But sat on his oiled platform to commune with the divine.
- But sat on his high terrace, with the tikis by his side.
- And stared on the blue ocean, like a parrot, ruby-eyed.
- Dawn as yellow as sulphur leaped on the mountain height:
- Ont on the round of the sea the gems of the morning light,
- Up from the round of the sea the streamers of the sun :-
- But down in the depths of the valley the day was not begun. 30
- In the blue of the woody twilight burned red the cocoa-husk,

- And the women and men of the clan went forth to bathe in the dusk.
- A word that began to go round, a word, a whisper, a start:
- Hope that leaped in the bosom, fear that knocked on the heart:
- "See, the priest is not risen—look, for his door is fast!
- He is going to name the victims; he is going to help us at last."
- Thrice rose the sun to noon; and ever, like one of the dead,
- The priest lay still in his house with the roar of the sea in his head;
- There was never a foot on the floor, there was never a whisper of speech;
- Only the leering tikis stared on the blinding beach.
- Again were the mountains fired, again the morning broke;
- And all the houses lay still, but the house of the priest awoke.

- Close in their covering roofs lay and trembled the clan,
- But the aged, red-eyed priest ran forth like a lunatic man;
- And the village panted to see him in the jewels of death again,
- In the silver beards of the old and the hair of women slain.
- Frenzy shook in his limbs, frenzy shone in his eyes,
- And still and again as he ran, the valley rang with his cries.
- All day long in the land, by cliff and thicket and den,
- He ran his lunatic rounds, and howled for the flesh of men; 50
- All day long he ate not, nor ever drank of the brook;
- And all day long in their houses the people listened and shook—
- All day long in their houses they listened with bated breath,
- And never a soul went forth, for the sight of the priest was death.

- Three were the days of his running, as the gods appointed of yore,
- Two the nights of his sleeping alone in the place of gore:
- The drunken slumber of frenzy twice he drank to the lees,
- On the sacred stones of the High-place, under the sacred trees;
- With a lamp at his ashen head he lay in the place of the feast,
- And the sacred leaves of the banyan rustled around the priest. 60
- Last, when the stated even fell upon terrace and tree,
- And the shade of the lofty island lay leagues away to sea,
- And all the valleys of verdure were heavy with manna and musk,
- The wreck of the red-eyed priest came gasping home in the dusk.
- He reeled across the village, he staggered along the shore,
- And between the leering tikis crept groping through his door.

- There went a stir through the lodges, the voice of speech awoke;
- Once more from the builded platforms arose the evening smoke.
- And those who were mighty in war, and those renowned for an art
- Sat in their stated seats and talked of the morrow apart.

## II. THE LOVERS.

- Hark! away in the woods—for the ears of love are sharp—
- Stealthily, quietly touched, the note of the onestringed harp.4
- In the lighted house of her father, why should Taheia start?
- Taheia heavy of hair, Taheia tender of heart,
- Taheia the well-descended, a bountiful dealer in love,
- Nimble of foot like the deer, and kind of eye like the dove?

- Sly and shy as a cat, with never a change of face,
- Taheia slips to the door, like on that would breathe a space;
- Saunters and pauses, and looks at the stars, and lists to the seas;
- Then sudden and swift as a cat, she plunges under the trees.

  80
- Swift as a cat she runs, with her garment gathered high,
- Leaping, nimble of foot, running, certain of eye;
- And ever to guide her way over the smooth and the sharp,
- Ever nearer and nearer the note of the onestringed harp;
- Till at length, in a glade of the wood, with a naked mountain above,
- The sound of the harp thrown down, and she in the arms of her love.
- "Rua!"—"Taheia!" they cry—"my heart, my soul, and my eyes,"
- And clasp and sunder and kiss, with lovely laughter and sighs,

- "Rua!"—"Taheia, my love,"—"Rua, star of my night,
- Clasp me, hold me, and love me, single spring of delight."

  90
- And Rua folded her close, he folded her near and long,
- The living knit to the living, and sang the lover's song:

Night, night it is, night upon the palms. Night, night it is, the land wind has blown. Starry, starry night, over deep and height; Love, love in the valley, love all alone.

- "Taheia, heavy of hair, a foolish thing have we done,
- To bind what gods have sundered unkindly into one.
- Why should a lowly lover have touched Taheia's skirt,
- Taheia the well-descended, and Rua child of the dirt?"

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—"On high with the haka-ikis my father sits in state,

Ten times fifty kinsmen salute him in the gate;

Round all his martial body, and in bands across his face,

The marks of the tattooer proclaim his lofty place.

I, too, in the hands of the cunning, in the sacred cabin of palm,<sup>5</sup>

Have shrunk like the mimosa, and bleated like the lamb;

Round half my tender body, that none shall clasp but you,

For a crest and a fair adornment go dainty lines of blue.

Love, love, beloved Rua, love levels all degrees.

And the well-tattooed Taheia clings panting to your knees."

—"Taheia, song of the morning, how long is the longest love?

A cry, a clasp of the hands, a star that falls from above!

- Ever at morn in the blue, and at night when all is black,
- Ever it skulks and trembles with the hunter, Death, on its track.
- Hear me, Taheia, death! For to-morrow the priest shall awake,
- And the names be named of the victims to bleed for the nation's sake;
- And first of the numbered many that shall be slain ere noon,
- Rua the child of the dirt, Rua the kinless loon.
- For him shall the drum be beat, for him be raised the song,
- For him to the sacred High-place the chaunting people throng,
- For him the oven smoke as for a speechless beast,
- And the sire of my Taheia come greedy to the
- -"Rua be silent, spare me. Taheia closes her ears.
- Pity my yearning heart, pity my girlish years!
- Flee from the cruel hands, flee from the knife and coal,

- Lie hid in the deeps of the woods, Rua, sire of my soul!"
- "Whither to flee, Taheia, whither in all of the land?
- The fires of the bloody kitchen are kindled on every hand;
- On every hand in the isle a hungry whetting of teeth,
- Eyes in the trees above, arms in the brush beneath.
- Patience to lie in wait, cunning to follow the sleuth,
- Abroad the foes I have fought, and at home the friends of my youth."
- "Love, love, beloved Rua, love has a clearer eye, Hence from the arms of love you go not forth to die.
- There, where the broken mountain drops sheer into the glen,
- There shall you find a hold from the boldest hunter of men;

- There, in the deep recess, where the sun falls only at noon,
- And only once in the night enters the light of the moon,
- Nor ever a sound but of birds, or the rain when it falls with a shout;
- For death and the fear of death beleaguer the valley about.
- Tapu it is, but the gods will surely pardon despair;
- Taρu, but what of that? If Rua can only dare.
- Tapu and tapu and tapu, I know they are every one right;
- But the god of every tapu is not always quick to smite.
- Lie secret there, my Rua, in the arms of awful gods,
- Sleep in the shade of the trees on the couch of the kindly sods,
- Sleep and dream of Taheia, Taheia will wake for you;
- And whenever the land wind blows and the woods are heavy with dew,

- Alone through the horror of night, with food for the soul of her love,
- Taheia the undissuaded will hurry true as the dove."
- "Taheia, the pit of the night crawls with treacherous things,
- Spirits of ultimate air and the evil souls of things;
- The souls of the dead, the stranglers, that perch in the trees of the wood,
- Waiters for all things human, haters of evil and good."
- "Rua, behold me, kiss me, look in my eyes and read;
- Are these the eyes of a maid that would leave her lover in need?
- Brave in the eye of day, my father ruled in the fight;
- The child of his loins, Taheia, will play the man in the night."

- So it was spoken, and so agreed, and Taheia arose
- And smiled in the stars and was gone, swift as the swallow goes;
- And Rua stood on the hill, and sighed, and followed her flight,
- And there were the lodges below, each with its door alight;
- From folk that sat on the terrace and drew out the even long
- Sudden crowings of laughter, monotonous drone of song;
- The quiet passage of souls over his head in the trees;<sup>7</sup>
- And from all around the haven the crumbling thunder of seas.
- "Farewell, my home," said Rua. "Farewell, O quiet seat!
- To-morrow in all your valleys the drum of death shall beat."

#### III. THE FEAST.

- Dawn as yellow as sulphur leaped on the naked peak,
- And all the village was stirring, for now was the priest to speak.
- Forth on his terrace he came, and sat with the chief in talk;
- His lips were blackened with fever, his cheeks were whiter than chalk;
- Fever clutched at his hands, fever nodded his head,
- But, quiet and steady and cruel, his eyes shone ruby-red.
- In the earliest rays of the sun the chief rose up content;
- Braves were summoned, and drummers; messengers came and went;
- Braves ran to their lodges, weapons were snatched from the wall;
- The commons herded together, and fear was over them all.

- Festival dresses they wore, but the tongue was dry in their mouth,
- And the blinking eyes in their faces skirted from north to south.
- Now to the sacred enclosure gathered the greatest and least,
- And from under the shade of the Banyan arose the voice of the feast,
- The frenzied roll of the drum, and a swift, monotonous song.
- Higher the sun swam up; the trade wind level and strong
- Awoke in the tops of the palms and rattled the fans aloud,
- And over the garlanded heads and shining robes of the crowd
- Tossed the spiders of shadow, scattered the jewels of sun.
- Forty the tale of the drums, and the forty throbbed like one;
- A thousand hearts in the crowd, and the even chorus of song,

- Swift as the feet of a runner, trampled a thousand strong.
- And the old men leered at the ovens and licked their lips for the food;
- And the women stared at the lads, and laughed and looked to the wood.
- As when the sweltering baker, at night, when the city is dead,
- Alone in the trough of labor treads and fashions the bread;
- So in the heat, and the reek, and the touch of woman and man,
- The naked spirit of evil kneaded the hearts of the clan.
- Now cold was at many a heart, and shaking in many a seat;
- For there were the empty baskets, but who was to furnish the meat?
- For here was the nation assembled, and there were the ovens anigh,
- And out of a thousand singers nine were numbered to die.

- Till, of a sudden, a shock, a mace in the air, a yell,
- And, struck in the edge of the crowd, the first of the victims fell.<sup>8</sup>
- Terror and horrible glee divided the shrinking clan,
- Terror of what was to follow, glee for a diet of man.
- Frenzy hurried the chaunt, frenzy rattled the drums;
- The nobles, high on the terrace, greedily mouthed their thumbs;
- And once and again and again, in the ignorant crowd below,
- Once and again and again descended the murderous blow.
- Now smoked the oven, and now, with the cutting lip of a shell,
- A butcher of ninety winters joined the bodies well.
- Unto the carven lodge, silent, in order due,
- The grandees of the nation one after one withdrew;
- And a line of laden bearers brought to the terrace foot,

- On poles across their shoulders, the last reserve of fruit.
- The victims bled for the nobles in the old appointed way;
- The fruit was spread for the commons, for all should eat to-day.
- And now was the kava brewed, and now the cocoa ran,
- Now was the hour of the dance for child and woman and man;
- And mirth was in every heart, and a garland on every head,
- And all was well with the living and well with the eight who were dead.
- Only the chiefs and the priest talked and consulted awhile:
- "To-morrow," they said, and "To-morrow," and nodded and seemed to smile:
- "Rua the child of dirt, the creature of common clay,
- Rua must die to-morrow, since Rua is gone to-day."

- Out of the groves of the valley, where clear the blackbirds sang,
- Sheer from the trees of the valley the face of the mountain sprang;
- Sheer and bare it rose, unscalable barricade,
- Beaten and blown against by the generous draught of the trade.
- Dawn on its fluted brow painted rainbow light,
- Close on its pinnacled crown trembled the stars at night.
- Here and there in a cleft clustered contorted trees,
- Or the silver beard of a stream hung and swung in the breeze.
- High overhead, with a cry, the torrents leaped for the main,
- And silently sprinkled below in thin perennial rain.
- Dark in the staring noon, dark was Rua's ravine,
- Damp and cold was the air, and the face of the cliffs was green.
- Here, in the rocky pit, accursed already of old,

- On a stone in the midst of a river, Rua sat and was cold.
- "Valley of mid-day shadows; valley of silent falls,"
- Rua sang, and his voice went hollow about the walls,
- "Valley of shadow and rock, a doleful prison to me,
- What is the life you can give to a child of the sun and the sea?"
- And Rua arose and came to the open mouth of the glen,
- Whence he beheld the woods, and the sea, and houses of men.
- Wide blew the riotous trade, and smelt in his nostrils good;
- It bowed the boats on the bay, and tore and divided the wood;
- It smote and sundered the groves as Moses smote with the rod,
  - And the streamers of all the trees blew like banners abroad;

- And ever and on, in a lull, the trade wind brought him along
- A far-off patter of drums and a far-off whisper of song.
- Swift as the swallow's wings, the diligent hands on the drum
- Fluttered and hurried and throbbed. "Ah, woe that I hear you come,"
- Rua cried in his grief, "a sorrowful sound to me, Mounting far and faint from the resonant shore of the sea!
- Woe in the song! for the grave breathes in the singers' breath,
- And I hear in the tramp of the drums the beat of the heart of death.
- Home of my youth! no more, through all the length of the years,
- No more to the place of the echoes of early laughter and tears,
- No more shall Rua return; no more as the evening ends,
- To crowded eyes of welcome, to the reaching hands of friends."

- All day long from the High-place the drums and the singing came,
- And the even fell, and the sun went down, a wheel of flame;
- And night came gleaning the shadows and hushing the sounds of the wood;
- And silence slept on all, where Rua sorrowed and stood.
- But still from the shore of the bay the sound of the festival rang,
- And still the crowd in the High-place danced and shouted and sang.
- Now over all the isle terror was breathed abroad Of shadowy hands from the trees and shadowy snares in the sod;
- And before the nostrils of night, the shuddering
- Hurried, with beard on shoulder, back to his lighted den. 270
- "Taheia, here to my side!"—"Rua, my Rua, you!"
- And cold from the clutch of terror, cold with the damp of the dew,

- Taheia, heavy of hair, leaped through the dark to his arms;
- Taheia leaped to his clasp, and was folded in from alarms.
- "Rua, beloved, here, see what your love has brought;
- Coming—alas! returning—swift as the shuttle of thought;
- Returning, alas! for to-night, with the beaten drum and the voice,
- In the shine of many torches must the sleepless clan rejoice;
- And Taheia the well-descended, the daughter of chief and priest,
- Taheia must sit in her place in the crowded bench of the feast." 280
- So it was spoken; and she, girding her garment high,
- Fled and was swallowed of woods, swift as the sight of an eye.
- Night over isle and sea rolled her curtain of stars.

- Then a trouble awoke in the air, the east was banded with bars;
- Dawn as yellow as sulphur leaped on the mountain height;
- Dawn, in the deepest glen, fell a wonder of light;
- High and clear stood the palms in the eye of the brightening east,
- And lo! from the sides of the sea the broken sound of the feast!
- As, when in days of summer, through open windows, the fly
- Swift as a breeze and loud as a trump goes by,
- But when frosts in the field have pinched the wintering mouse,
- Blindly noses and buzzes and hums in the firelit house:
- So the sound of the feast gallantly trampled at night,
- So it staggered and drooped, and droned in the morning light.

### IV. THE RAID.

- It chanced that as Rua sat in the valley of silent falls,
- He heard a calling of doves from high on the cliffy walls.
- Fire had fashioned of yore, and time had broken, the rocks;
- There were rooting crannies for trees and nesting-places for flocks;
- And he saw on the top of the cliffs, looking up from the pit of the shade,
- A flicker of wings and sunshine, and trees that swung in the trade.
- "The trees swing in the trade," quoth Rua, doubtful of words,
- "And the sun stares from the sky, but what should trouble the birds?"
- Up from the shade he gazed, where high the parapet shone,
- And he was aware of a ledge and of things that moved thereon.

- "What manner of things are these? Are they spirits abroad by day?
- Or the foes of my clan that are come, bringing death by a perilous way?"
- The valley was gouged like a vessel, and round like the vessel's lip,
- With a cape of the side of the hill thrust forth like the bows of a ship.
- On the top of the face of the cape a volley of sun struck fair,
- And the cape overhung like a chin a gulph of sunless air.
- "Silence, heart! What is that?—that, that flickered and shone,
- Into the sun for an instant, and in an instant gone?
- Was it a warrior's plume, a warrior's girdle of hair?
- Swung in the loop of a rope, is he making a bridge of the air?"
- Once and again Rua saw, in the trenchant edge of the sky,

- The giddy conjuring done. And then, in the blink of an eye,
- A scream caught in with the breath, a whirling packet of limbs,
- A lump that dived in the gulph, more swift than a dolphin swims;
- And there was the lump at his feet, and eyes were alive in the lump.
- Sick was the soul of Rua, ambushed close in a clump; 320
- Sick of soul he drew near, making his courage stout;
- And he looked in the face of the thing, and the life of the thing went out.
- And he gazed on the tattooed limbs, and, behold, he knew the man:
- Hoka, a chief of the Vais, the truculent foe of his clan:
- Hoka a moment since that stepped in the loop of the rope,
- Filled with the lust of war, and alive with courage and hope.
- Again to the giddy cornice Rua lifted his eyes,

- And again beheld men passing in the armpit of the skies.
- "Foes of my race!" cried Rua, "the mouth of Rua is true:
- Never a shark in the deep is nobler of soul than you.
- There was never a nobler foray, never a bolder plan;
- Never a dizzier path was trod by the children of man;
- And Rua, your evil-dealer through all the days of his years,
- Counts it honour to hate you, honour to fall by your spears."
- And Rua straightened his back. "O Vais, a scheme for a scheme!"
- Cried Rua and turned and descended the turbulent stair of the stream,
- Leaping from rock to rock as the water-wagtail at home
- Flits through resonant valleys and skims by boulder and foam.

- And Rua burst from the glen and leaped on the shore of the brook,
- And straight for the roofs of the clan his vigorous way he took.

  340
- Swift were the heels of his flight, and loud behind as he went
- Rattled the leaping stones on the line of his long descent.
- And ever he thought as he ran, and caught at his gasping breath,
- "O the fool of a Rua, Rua that runs to his death! But the right is the right," thought Rua, and ran like the wind on the foam.
- "The right is the right for ever, and home for ever home.
- For what though the oven smoke? And what though I die ere morn?
- There was I nourished and tended, and there was Taheia born."
- Noon was high on the High-place, the second noon of the feast;
- And heat and shameful slumber weighed on people and priest; 350

- And the heart drudged slow in bodies heavy with monstrous meals;
- And the senseless limbs were scattered abroad like spokes of wheels;
- And crapulous women sat and stared at the stones anigh
- With a bestial droop of the lip and a swinish rheum in the eye.
- As about the dome of the bees in the time for the drones to fall,
- The dead and the maimed are scattered, and lie, and stagger, and crawl;
- So on the grades of the terrace, in the ardent eye of the day,
- The half-awake and the sleepers clustered and crawled and lay;
- And loud as the dome of the bees, in the time of a swarming horde,
- A horror of many insects hung in the air and roared.
- Rua looked and wondered; he said to himself in his heart:

- "Poor are the pleasures of life, and death is the better part."
  - But lo! on the higher benches a cluster of tranquil folk
- Sat by themselves, nor raised their serious eyes, nor spoke:
- Women with robes unruffled and garlands duly arranged,
- Gazing far from the feast with faces of people estranged;
- And quiet amongst the quiet, and fairer than all the fair,
- Taheia, the well-descended, Taheia, heavy of hair.
- And the soul of Rua awoke, courage enlightened his eyes,
  - And he uttered a summoning shout and called on the clan to rise.

    370
  - Over against him at once, in the spotted shade of the trees,
  - Owlish and blinking creatures scrambled to hands and knees;

- On the grades of the sacred terrace, the driveller woke to fear,
- And the hand of the ham-drooped warrior brandished a wavering spear.
- And Rua folded his arms, and scorn discovered his teeth;
- Above the war-crowd gibbered, and Rua stood smiling beneath.
- Thick, like leaves in the autumn, faint, like April sleet,
- Missiles from tremulous hands quivered around his feet;
- And Taheia leaped from her place; and the priest, the ruby-eyed,
- Ran to the front of the terrace, and brandished his arms, and cried: 380
- "Hold, O fools, he brings tidings!" and "Hold, 'tis the love of my heart!"
- Till lo! in front of the terrace, Rua pierced with a dart.
- Taheia cherished his head, and the aged priest stood by,

And gazed with eyes of ruby at Rua's darkening eye.

"Taheia, here is the end, I die a death for a man.

I have given the life of my soul to save an unsavable clan.

See them, the drooping of hams! behold me the blinking crew:

Fifty spears they cast, and one of fifty true!

And you, O priest, the foreteller, foretell for yourself if you can,

Foretell the hour of the day when the Vais shall burst on your clan!

By the head of the tapu cleft, with death and fire in their hand,

Thick and silent like ants, the warriors swarm in the land."

And they tell that when next the sun had climbed to the noonday skies,

It shone on the smoke of feasting in the country of the Vais.

### NOTES TO THE FEAST OF FAMINE.

In this ballad I have strung together some of the more striking particularities of the Marquesas. It rests upon no authority; it is in no sense, like "Rahéro," a native story; but a patchwork of details of manners and the impressions of a traveller. It may seem strange, when the scene is laid upon these profligate islands, to make the story hinge on love. But love is not less known in the Marquesas than elsewhere; nor is there any cause of suicide more common in the islands.

Note I, verse 2. "Pit of Popoi." Where the bread-fruit was stored for preservation.

Note 2, verse 15. "Ruby-red." The priests eyes were probably red from the abuse of Rava. His beard (verse 18) is said to be worth an estate; for the beards of old men are the favourite head adornments of the Marquesans, as the hair of women formed their most costly girdle. The former, among this generally beardless and short-lived people, fetch to-day considerable sums.

Note 3, verse 72. "The one-stringed harp." Usually employed for serenades.

Note 5, verse 105. "The sacred cabin of palm." Which, however, no woman could approach. I do not know where women were tattooed; probably in the com-

mon house, or in the bush, for a woman was a creature of small account. I must guard the reader against supposing Taheia was at all disfigured; the art of the Marquesan tattooer is extreme; and she would appear to be clothed in a web of lace, inimitably delicate, exquisite in nattern, and of a bluish hue that at once contrasts and harmonizes with the warm pigment of the native skin. It would be hard to find a woman more becomingly adorned than "a well-tattooed" Marquesan.

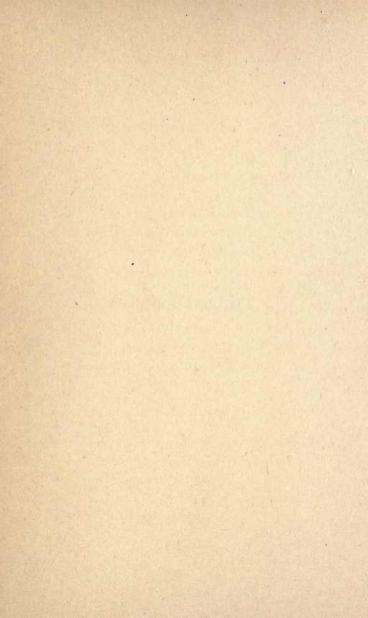
Note 6, verse 140. "The horror of night." The Polynesian fear of ghosts and of the dark has been already referred to. Their life is beleaguered by the dead.

Note 7, verse 165. "The quiet passage of souls." So. I am told, the natives explain the sound of a little wind passing overhead unfelt.

Note 8, verse 202. "The first of the victims fell." Without doubt, this whole scene is untrue to fact. The victims were disposed of privately and some time before. And indeed I am far from claiming the credit of any high degree of accuracy for this ballad. Even in a time of famine, it is probable that Marquesan life went far more gaily than is here represented. But the melancholy of to-day lies on the writer's mind.



TICONDEROGA.



# TICONDEROGA: A LEGEND OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

This is the tale of the man
Who heard a word in the night
In the land of the heathery hills,
In the days of the feud and the fight.
By the sides of the rainy sea,
Where never a stranger came,
On the awful lips of the dead,
He heard the outlandish name.
It sang in his sleeping ears,
It hummed in his waking head:
The name — Ticonderoga,
The utterance of the dead.

10

#### I. THE SAYING OF THE NAME.

On the lock-sides of Appin,
When the mist blew from the sea,
A Stewart stood with a Cameron:
An angry man was he.

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The blood beat in his ears, The blood ran hot to his head. The mist blew from the sea. And there was the Cameron dead. "O, what have I done to my friend, O, what have I done to mysel', That he should be cold and dead. And I in the danger of all? Nothing but danger about me, Danger behind and before. Death at wait in the heather In Appin and Mamore, Hate at all of the ferries And death at each of the fords. Camerons priming gunlocks And Camerons sharpening swords."

But this was a man of counsel,

This was a man of a score,

There dwelt no pawkier Stewart

In Appin or Mamore.

He looked on the blowing mist,

He looked on the awful dead,

And there came a smile on his face

And there slipped a thought in his head.

Out over cairn and moss,
Out over scrog and scaur,
He ran as runs the clansman
That bears the cross of war.
His heart beat in his body,
His hair clove to his face,
When he came at last in the gloaming
To the dead man's brother's place.
The east was white with the moon,
The west with the sun was red,
And there, in the house-doorway,
Stood the brother of the dead.

"I have slain a man to my danger,
I have slain a man to my death
I put my soul in your hands,"
The panting Stewart saith.
"I lay it bare in your hands,
For I know your hands are leal;
And be you my targe and bulwark
From the bullet and the steel."
Then up and spoke the Cameron,
And gave him his hand again:

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"There shall never a man in Scotland
Set faith in me in vain;
And whatever man you have slaughtered,
Of whatever name or line,
By my sword and yonder mountain,
I make your quarrel mine.¹
I bid you in to my fireside,
I share with you house and hall;
It stands upon my honour
To see you safe from all."

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It fell in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den,
And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
That as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world,
Came in to him the dead.

"My blood is on the heather,
My bones are on the hill;
There is joy in the home of ravens
That the young shall eat their fill.

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My blood is poured in the dust, My soul is spilled in the air; And the man that has undone me Sleeps in my brother's care."

"I'm wae for your death, my brother,
But if all of my house were dead,
I couldna withdraw the plighted hand,
Nor break the word once said."

"O, what shall I say to our father,
In the place to which I fare?
O, what shall I say to our mother,
Who greets to see me there?
And to all the kindly Camerons
That have lived and died long syne—
Is this the word you send them,
Fause-hearted brother mine?"

"It's neither fear nor duty,
It's neither quick nor dead
Shall gar me withdraw the plighted hand,
Or break the word once said."
Thrice in the time of midnight,
When the fox barked in the den,

And the plaids were over the faces
In all the houses of men,
Thrice as the living Cameron
Lay sleepless on his bed,
Out of the night and the other world
Came in to him the dead,
And cried to him for vengeance
On the man that laid him low;
And thrice the living Cameron
Told the dead Cameron, No.

"Thrice have you seen me, brother,
But now shall see me no more,
Till you meet your angry fathers
Upon the farther shore.
Thrice have I spoken, and now,
Before the cock be heard,
I take my leave forever
With the naming of a word.
It shall sing in your sleeping ears,
It shall hum in your waking head,
The name—Ticonderoga,
And the warning of the dead."

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Now when the night was over And the time of people's fears, 130 The Cameron walked abroad. And the word was in his ears. "Many a name I know, But never a name like this: O, where shall I find a skilly man Shall tell me what it is?" With many a man he counselled Of high and low degree, With the herdsmen on the mountains And the fishers of the sea. 140 And he came and went unweary, And read the books of yore, And the runes that were written of old On stones upon the moor. And many a name he was told, But never the name of his fears-Never, in east or west, The name that rang in his ears: Names of men and of clans, Names for the grass and the tree, 150 For the smallest tarn in the mountains,

The smallest reef in the sea:

Names for the high and low,

The names of the craig and the flat;
But in all the land of Scotland,

Never a name like that.

### II. THE SEEKING OF THE NAME.

And now there was speech in the south, And a man of the south that was wise. A periwig'd lord of London,2 Called on the clans to rise. And the riders rode, and the summons Came to the western shore, To the land of the sea and the heather, To Appin and Mamore. It called on all to gather From every scrog and scaur, That loved their fathers' tartan And the ancient game of war. And down the watery valley And up the windy hill, Once more, as in the olden. The pipes were sounding shrill; Again in highland sunshine The naked steel was bright;

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And the lads, once more in tartan, Went forth again to fight.

"O, why should I dwell here With a weird upon my life, When the clansmen shout for battle And the war-swords clash in strife? I cannae joy at feast, I cannae sleep in bed. For the wonder of the word And the warning of the dead. It sings in my sleeping ears, It hums in my waking head, The name — Ticonderoga. The utterance of the dead. Then up, and with the fighting men To march away from here, Till the cry of the great war-pipe Shall drown it in my ear!"

Where flew King George's ensign
The plaided soldiers went:
They drew the sword in Germany,
In Flanders pitched the tent.

The bells of foreign cities Rang far across the plain: They passed the happy Rhine, \* They drank the rapid Main. 200 Through Asiatic jungles The Tartans filed their way, And the neighing of the war-pipes Struck terror in Cathay.3 "Many a name have I heard," he thought, "In all the tongues of men, Full many a name both here and there. Full many both now and then. When I was at home in my father's house In the land of the naked knee, 210 Between the eagles that fly in the lift And the herrings that swim in the sea, And now that I am a captain-man With a braw cockade in my hat-Many a name have I heard," he thought, "But never a name like that."

IIIS THE PLACE OF THE NAME.

There fell a war in a woody place, Lay far across the sea, A war of the march in the mirk midnight
And the shot from behind the tree,
220
The shaven head and the painted face,
The silent foot in the wood,
In a land of a strange, outlandish tongue
That was hard to be understood.

It fell about the gloaming
The general stood with his staff,
He stood and he looked east and west
With little mind to laugh.
"Far have I been and much have I seen,
And kent both gain and loss,
But here we have woods on every hand
And a kittle water to cross.
Far have I been and much have I seen,
But never the beat of this;
And there's one must go down to that waterside
To see how deep it is."

It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
The skilly captain, the Cameron,
Went down to that waterside.

Canny and soft the captain went;
And a man of the woody land,
With the shaven head and the painted face,
Went down at his right hand.
It fell in the quiet night,
There was never a sound to ken;
But all of the woods to the right and the left
Lay filled with the painted men.

"Far have I been and much have I seen,
Both as a man and boy,
But never have I set forth a foot
On so perilous an employ."
It fell in the dusk of the night
When unco things betide,
That he was aware of a captain-man
Drew near to the waterside.
He was aware of his coming
Down in the gloaming alone;
And he looked in the face of the man
And lo! the face was his own.

"This is my weird," he said,
"And now I ken the worst;

For many shall fall the morn,
But I shall fall with the first.
O, you of the outland tongue,
You of the painted face,
This is the place of my death;
Can you tell me the name of the place?"

"Since the Frenchmen have been here They have called it Sault-Marie; But that is a name for priests, And not for you and me. It went by another word," Quoth he of the shaven head: "It was called Ticonderoga In the days of the great dead." And it fell on the morrow's morning, In the fiercest of the fight, That the Cameron bit the dust As he foretold at night; And for fram the holls of heather, Far from the isles of the sea, He sleeps in the place of the name, As it was doomed to be.

#### NOTES TO TICONDEROGA.

Introduction.—I first heard this legend of my own country from that friend of men of letters, Mr. Alfred Nutt, "there in roaring London's central stream"; and since the ballad first saw the light of day in Scribner's Magazine, Mr. Nutt and Lord Archibald Campbell have been in public controversy on the facts. Two clans, the Camerons and the Campbells, lay claim to this bracing story; and they do well: the man who preferred his plighted troth to the commands and menaces of the dead is an ancestor worth disputing. But the Campbells must rest content: they have the broad lands and the broad page of history; this appanage must be denied them; for between the name of Cameron and that of Campbell, the muse will never hesitate.

Note 1, verse 68. Mr. Nutt reminds me it was "by my sword and Ben Cruachan" the Cameron swore.

Note 2, verse 159. "A periwig'd lord of London." The first Pitt.

Note 3, verse 204. "Cathay." There must be some omission in General Stewart's charming "History of the Highland Regiments," a book that might well be republished and continued; or it scarce appears how our friend could have got to China.

# HEATHER ALE.

AR SAUCEUR

# HEATHER ALE: A GALLOWAY LEGEND.

From the bonny bells of heather
They brewed a drink ong-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it,
And lay in a blessed swound
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes,
He smote the Picts in battle,
He hunted them like roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled,
And strewed the dwarfish bodies
Of the dying and the dead.

IO

Summer came in the country, Red was the heather bell;

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But the manner of the brewing
Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer's day;
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather

It fortuned that his yassals,
Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke:
A son and his aged father—
Last of the dwarfish folk.

And lack the Heather Ale.

60

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink—
"I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
"I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,
And honour a little thing;
I would gladly sell the secret,"
Quoth the Pict to the King.
His voice was small as a sparrow's,
And shrill and wonderful clear:

"I would gladly sell my secret, Only my son I fear.

"For life is a little matter,
And death is naught to the young;
And I dare not sell my honour
Under the eye of my son.
Take him, O king, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep;
And it's I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep."

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They took the son and bound him,

Neck and heels in a thong,

And a lad took him and swung him,

And flung him far and strong,

And the sea swallowed his body,

Like that of a child of ten;

And there on the cliff stood the father,

Last of the dwarfish men.

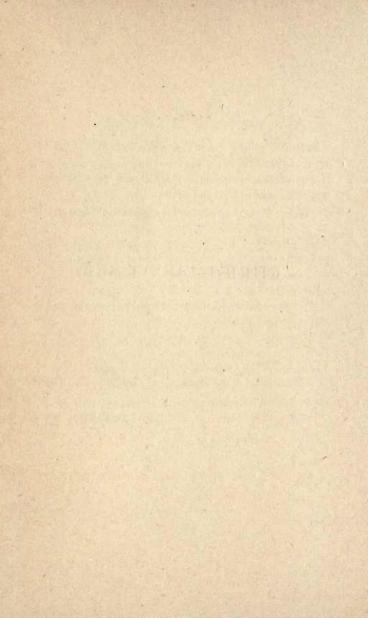
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"True was the word I told you: Only my son I feared; For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale."

## NOTE TO HEATHER ALE.

Among the curiosities of human nature, this legend claims a high place. It is needless to remind the reader that the Picts were never exterminated, and form to this day a large proportion of the folk of Scotland, occupying the eastern and the central parts, from the Firth of Forth, or perhaps the Lammermoors, upon the south, to the Ord of Caithness on the north. That the blundering guess of a dull chronicler should have inspired men with imaginary loathing for their own ancestors is already strange: that it should have begotten this wild legend seems incredible. Is it possible the chronicler's error was merely nominal? that what he told, and what the people proved themselves so ready to receive, about the Picts, was true or partly true of some auterior and perhaps Lappish savages, small of stature, black of hue, dwelling underground-possibly also the distillers of some forgotten spirit? See Mr. Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands.

# CHRISTMAS AT SEA.



### CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

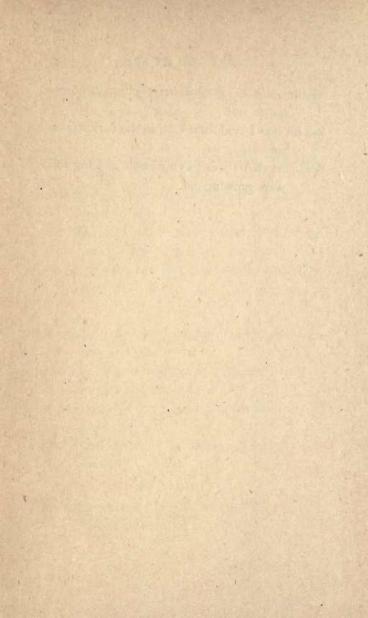
- THE sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
- The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;
- The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;
- And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.
- They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
- But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
- We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
- And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.
- All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;

- All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no farther forth;
- All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
- For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.
- We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
- But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard:
- So's we saw cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
- And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.
- The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
- The good red fires were burning bright in every longshore home;
- The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
- And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

- The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
- For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
- This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
- And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.
- O well I saw the pleasant roof, the pleasant faces there,
- My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
- And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
- Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves.
- And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
- Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea:
- And O, the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,

- To he here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas Day.
- They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
- "All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
- "By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried.
- . . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.
- She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
- And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
- As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
- We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.
- And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,

- As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
- But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
- Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

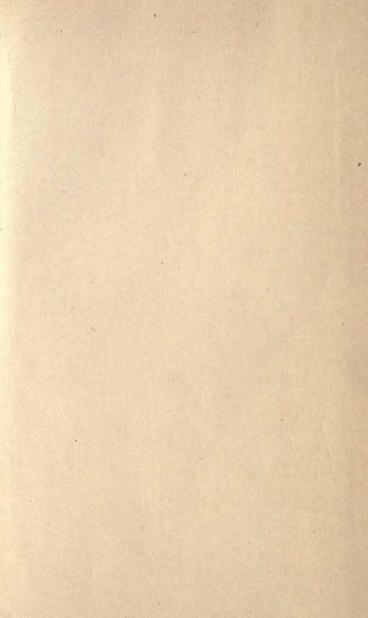












STPT. 1913



